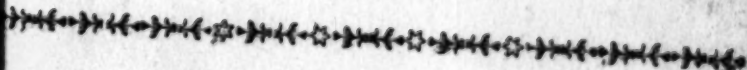


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IN THE

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R. A. Mason (P.)



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With some A D D I T I O N S.

"WHO GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT" Job xxxv. 10.

L O N D O N:

Printed by R. HAWES, at N^o 40, *Dorset-Street, Spitalfields*;
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M,DCC,LXXXI.

S O N G S

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Y O U N G W O M A N



S E C O N D E R I T I O N

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P R E F A C E

To the First Edition.

SUFFICE it to say of this Publication, that the Author of it is a very obscure Young Woman, and quite destitute of the Advantages of Education, as well as under great bodily Affliction. Her Father dying when she was young, and leaving a large Family unprovided for, she went out to Service at sixteen Years of Age; in which Station she continued till *August*, 1772; when Disorders seized her, which ever since have baffled the Power of Medicine and the Skill of Physicians.—

But God, who is rich in Mercy, was pleased, in Love to her Soul, at the beginning of the Affliction, marvellously to manifest Himself unto her, and has been instructing her from that time in the Things pertaining to His Kingdom and the Righteousness thereof—as the following poetic Performances, which are printed from the Author's own Hand-writing (who, by the way, LEARNT HERSELF to write) do in some measure witness. But, such is her modesty, they would never have appeared to the World in her Life-time, if it had not been

that some Months ago, she thought she was actually in dying Circumstances ; she therefore committed them to the Care of the Editor, charging him to let none see them till after her decease.—But as she appears now much more likely to live, than at the beginning of her Affliction, (tho' without any Prospect of ever being able to earn her Bread) he could not be easy to let them lay by him any longer, “ hid up in a Napkin ;” thinking, that the Talent was given her to profit withal, and that they might, under the Blessing of the Most High, be of some Use to others, more especially to the Sons and Daughters of Affliction.

The Reader may depend upon it, If there should be any Profit arise from the Sale thereof, it will be faithfully applied to the Author's Use.

That the Blessing of Him, “ Who giveth Songs in the Night,” may make it profitable to those who are training up in the School of Affliction on Earth, for singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb in Heaven, is the fervent Prayer of

The EDITOR.

I P S W I C H,

Jan. 6, 1780.

To



The Recommendation.

THESE little Sonnets, called "Songs in the Night," now pass under a second Edition, with some Additions.—Sufficient is said in the Preface to the first Edition, as to the Situation and affecting Circumstances of the Composer of them; the Truth of which Account I have thoroughly informed myself of, and do assure the Public, she has no certainty of a tolerable Support, under her ill-state of Health, but from the Donation of her Friends, and the Advantage she may reap from this further Publication: So that her Case is truly deserving all charitable Regard, and, as such, I sincerely recommend it.

And besides this, without fearing censure, I think these little Productions deserve to be recommended to the candid, and even curious Reader; as a pleasing Entertainment for such to observe, what may be the efforts of uncultivated Genius, connected with a true Spirit of Piety.—I am sensible, there may be several

occasional escapes, as to her Language, Grammar, and other Ornaments of exact Writing, as well as some Instances of her County-phrazeology; which, however, it has been judged proper to let stand, as coming from *Her Pen*, rather than attempt Corrections in those particulars. Nevertheless, I am free to own, that I have been greatly pleased with her uniformity of Sentiment, the propriety with which she useth Words less common, and the general Smoothness of her Versification. And as to the *pious* Reader, I flatter myself, such will be entertained profitably and pleasantly, without any thing more being said, than that the whole seems to breathe a true Spirit of sublime Devotion, and the Subject-matter is highly Evangelical:—A fit Companion for the Closet to those, whose circumstances in life do not admit of much reading besides the Bible.

Her *Modesty* also has been so remarkable, that the Editor of the first Edition with great difficulty gained her Consent to their seeing the Light, without giving her Name, which he could not obtain. But, as it is an indulgence to the curiosity of some Readers, to know who is the Writer; in this second Edition she has gratified

The RECOMMENDATION.

v

gratified her Friends, by drawing up the following *Acrostic*.

"S - hall I presume to tell the World my Name?
U - p to this Hour I glory in my Shame :
S - o great my Weakness, that I boast of Might ;
A Fool in Knowledge, yet in Wisdom right ;
N - o Life, and yet I live ; I'm sick, and well ;
N - ot far from Heav'n, tho' on the brink of Hell ;
A - nd Words, and Oaths, and Blood delight me
well.
H - ow strange ! I'm deaf, and dumb, and lame,
and blind,
A - nd hear, and see, and walk, and talk, you find.
R - obb'd by my dearest Friend, I'm truly poor ;
R - iches immense I always have in store.
I - 'm fed by Mortals ;—but let Mortals know,
S - uch is my Food, no Mortal can bestow.
O - h ! how I long to die, and wish to live !
N - ow, if you can, explain th' Account I give."

Upon the whole, as I am persuaded, her chief Desire, by this Publication, is to assist the plain Christian, in maintaining and making progress in the Divine Life ; so I sincerely pray, that the Blessing of "the God of all Grace" may eminently succeed her well-meant Endeavor?

JOHN CONDER.

HACKNET,

March 13, 1781.

Lately Published,

Price ONE PENNY, or NINE-PENCE *per Dozen,*

By the Author of

SONGS in the NIGHT,

A

CALL TO BRITAIN.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY

R. HAWES, in Dorset-Street, Spitalfields, London.

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SONGS in the NIGHT.



I.

New Year.

- 1 **R**APID my Days and Months run on,
How soon another Year is gone!
How swift my golden Moments roll,
How much neglected by my Soul!
- 2 Let me begin with holy Fear
This new, this fleeting, flying Year;
Too many unimprov'd have pass'd,
This Year, perhaps, may be my last.
- 3 Give me, Great God, an Heart to pray;
Let all old Things be done away;
Give me new Strength to conquer Sin,
And plant new Holiness within.
- 4 I ask new Wisdom for this Year,
New Fitness for my Trials here;
Of ev'ry Grace a richer Store,
My God to love and honour more.
- 5 This Year, O sheath War's direful Sword!
Let every Nation serve the LORD:
Visit thy Church, and may she bear
Much glorious Fruit, this blessed Year!

Fast Day, Feb. 27, 1778.

- 1 **O** THOU, who shin'it in bright Abode,
Ineffable in Glory,—God !
Angels Thy Majesty adore,
And Devils tremble at Thy Pow'r.
- 2 O Thou, most Holy, Wise, Supreme,
Just to revenge, Strong to redeem !
Enlarge our Hearts before Thy Throne,
While o'er a guilty Land we mourn.
- 3 A Land of Violence and Strife,
Regardless of a peaceful Life.
A Land whose Guilt for Vengeance cries,
Full of Oppression, Vice, and Lies.
- 4 O Thou, whose condescending Grace
Shines glorious in a SAVIOUR'S Face ;
Now, for His Sake, bow down Thine Ear,
Avert the Judgments that we fear.
- 5 O Thou, whose Goodness we've abus'd,
Whose Love and Mercy we've refus'd !
Guilty before Thy Face we stand,
And ask Forgiveness at Thine Hand.
- 6 O Thou, whose Wisdom's all divine !
No Counsel stands so firm as Thine ;
Thou God of Order and of Peace,
Command this dreadful War to cease.
- 7 Bring the contending Parties near,
And reconcile us in Thy Fear ;
That we may yet securely rest,
A Nation by JEHOVAH blest.

III.

A MORNING HYMN

*In the Morning will I direct my Prayer unto Thee,
and will look up. Ps. v. 3.*

HOW should the Morning of my Days
Be spent in humble Prayer and Praise,
To Him who gave me Life and Breath,
And still preserves my Soul from Death.

God has from Sleep restor'd my Sight,
I'll praise Him for the Morning-Light:
For His protecting Grace I'll pray,
To guard and keep me all the Day.

I'll still resolve to seek his Face,
And praise Him for redeeming Grace;
I love his Name, I love his Word,
I love to commune with the Lord.

Up to his Throne I'll lift my Eyes,
He will regard my early Cries:
He will not frown my Soul away;
He loves to hear his Children pray.

To Him I'll dedicate my Days,
Then shall I prosper in my Ways:
And whilst my Calling I pursue
His Praise shall terminate my View.

O may his condescending Love,
Still draw my Heart to Things above;
'That I among his Saints may know,
The Joys of Heaven begun below.

IV.

AN EVENING HYMN.

Send out thy Light and thy Truth. Ps. xliii. 3.

1 **G**OD of my Days, God of my Nights,
Source of my Soul's supreme Delights,
Come, manifest thy Love to me.
And let me close this Day with Thee.

2 Nearness to Christ I fain would find,
O let not Distance vex my Mind;
I long to know my Sins forgiv'n,
To converse with the God of Heav'n.

3 Send, Source of Light, some cheering Ray,
To turn my Darkness into Day;
I mourn and think thy Absence long,
O listen to my Evening Song.

4 Command my Blindness to depart;
Still keep me from a careless Heart:
Lord, captivate each vain Desire,
And raise these vile Affections higher.

5 O let the Mercies of this Day,
Teach me to praise as well as pray:
Now take, my Soul, on Jesu's Breast,
Thy safest, sweetest, surest Rest.

V.

Saturday Night.

1 **B**E Gone, my world'y Cares, away!
Nor dare to tempt my Sight;

Let

Let me begin th' ensuing Day
Before I end this Night.

2 Yes, let the Work of Prayer and Praise
Employ my Heart and Tongue;
Begin, my Soul!—Thy Sabbath Days
Can never be too long.

3 Let the past Mercies of the Week
Excite a grateful Frame:
Nor let my Tongue refuse to speak
Some good of Jesu's Name.

4 Jesus! How pleasing is the Sound!
How worthy of my Love!
Why is my Heart so lifeless found?
Why plac'd no more above;

5 Forgive my Dullness, dearest Lord,
And quicken all my Pow'rs;
Prepare me to attend thy Word,
T' improve the sacred Hours.

6 On Wings of Expectation borne,
My Hopes to Heav'n ascend:
I long to welcome in the Morn,
With Thee the Day to spend.

VI.

Lord's-Day Morning.

1 **A**WAKE, my Heart! my Soul, arise!
This is the Day Believers prize:
Improve this Sabbath then with Care:
Another may not be thy Share.

- 2 O solemn Thought!—Lord, give me Pow'r
Wisely to fill up ev'ry Hour:
O for the Wings of Faith and Love
To bear my Heart and Soul above.
- 3 Jesus assist, nor let me fail
To worship thee within the Veil;
To glorify thy matchless Grace,
To see the Beauties of thy Face.
- 4 Go with me to thy House To day,
And tune my Heart to praise and pray;
Like Dew command thy Word to fall,
Refreshing, quick'ning, saving All.
- 5 Call forth my Thoughts, and let them rove,
O'er the green Pastures of thy Love;
O let not Sin prevent my Rest,
Nor keep me from my Saviour's Breast.
- 6 Give to thy Church a large Increase,
Send her Prosperity and Peace;
May all the Saints in Zion say,
O happy, happy, happy Day!

VII.

Lord's-Day Evening

- 1 **L**ET me adore His boundless Grace,
His Condescension and His Love:
Which taught my Soul to seek His Face,
And drew my Heart to Things above.

2 Fain

- 2 Fain would I sing and praise the Lord,
Oft has He bless'd me in his House ;
Fain would I live upon his Word,
And keep my oft-repeated Vows.
- 3 Yet would I mourn with conscious shame,
What Sin my holiest Duties stain :
My best Performances are lame,
And all without th' Atonement vain.
- 4 Christ's Righteousness alone I plead,
And cast my Offerings at his Feet ;
His Merits must for me succeed,
Thro' Him Acceptance I shall meet.
- 5 Thanks to his Name, his cov'nant Love
Remains unalterably strong :
I shall his great Salvation prove,
He is my Light, my Life, my Song.
- 6 My Heart is now his blest abode,
I love his Ways, his Name revere ;
Soon shall I mount the Hill of God,
To spend an endless Sabbath there.

VIII.

Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the Government shall be upon his shoulder: and his Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Is. ix. 6.

1 **T**O us, to us a Child is born,
Arise and hail the glorious Morn :

B 3

Come

Come, let us praise the God of Heav'n,
To us, to us a Son is giv'n !

- 2 To us, the guilty Race of Man,
He comes !—an Infant of a Span !
O let us sing his wond'rous Love,
Which brings Salvation from above.
- 3 He comes, all potent, to sustain
In Government an endless Reign.
Sinners, rejoice, and spread his Fame,
In COUNSEL WONDERFUL his Name.
- 4 The MIGHTY GOD—The PRINCE of PEACE,
Whose Kingdom never shall decrease :
The EVERLASTING FATHER's come—
How strange !—A Servant—from the Womb !
- 5 With Angels let our Souls adore
The Virgin's Son—the Prince of Pow'r ;
Jesus ! with Praise inspire our Tongues,
And then accept our grateful Songs.
- 6 All Praise to God for Grace divine !
The Hymn let Saints and Seraphs join ;
Let Heav'n with Hallelujahs ring,
While we adore our new-born King.

IX.

Thoughts at the Lord's Table.

NOW let my Faith look thro' her Fears,
And View my dearest Lord,
Groaning in Agonies and Tears,
That I might be restor'd.

2 Methinks

- 2 Methinks I see the thorny Bands
That tore his sacred Head,
His pierced Side, his wounded Hands,
With Blood his Vesture red.
- 3 'Tis with a melting Heart I view
His Body broke for Sin;
That Murderer my Saviour slew,
And put his Soul to pain.
- 4 For Crimes and Vices not his own,
A Sacrifice he fell;
For me, vile Rebel, to atone,
He bore the Pangs of Hell!
- 5 For me his Table now is spread.
And each believing Guest,
Richly set forth with living Bread,
And Wine of Truth and Grace.
- 6 Here Peace and Pardon sweetly flow:
O What delightful Food?
Here is a Balm for all my Woe,
With every needful Good.
- 7 Here is a Righteousness divine,
And Sin-subduing Grace;
Here every Blessing meet and shine
In my Redeemer's Face.
- 8 Each was the Purchase of his Blood,
For Sinners such as me:
All Glory to my dying God
For Grace so rich and free.

9 'Twas his own Love that spread the Feast,
 'Twas Love that made him die;
 His Love hath made my Soul a Guest,
 And rais'd my Thoughts on high.

10 Jesus, I bless thy sacred Name
 For Favours so divine,
 All that I have, and all I am,
 Shall be for ever thine.

X.

*Now the God of Hope fill you with all joy and Peace
 believing. Rom. xv. 13*

1 **N**OW may the God of boundless Grace,
 The God of Hope and Love,
 Fill each believing Soul with Peace.
 And every Doubt remove.

2 Let the bright Views of Jesus raise
 Our Songs divinely high;
 And while our Tongues repeat his Praise,
 Let Grief stand silent by.

3 Rejoice, ye Sons of God, rejoice,
 And doubt his Love no more;
 Lift up your Hearts, Lift up your Voice,
 And his rich Grace adore.

4 Rest on his Word, for ever rest,
 And glory in his Name:
 He'll cloath the Troublers of your Breast,
 With everlasting Shame.

5 Beneath

- 5 Beneath your Feet he'll shortly tread
 The subtle Tempter down;
 'Gainst you no Weapon shall succeed,
 While Jesus wears the Crown.
- 6 Your Hope and Trust he'll ne'er deceive.
 Raise, raise your Voices higher,
 O Happy Souls, who thus believe!
 He'll grant your whole Desire.

XI.

Herein is Love. 1 John, iv. 10.

- 1 **C**OME view the Field of Love divine,
 Where I delight to rove and glean,
 How pleasant to this Soul of mine,
 What Spices blow—what Joys are seen!
- 2 I'm lost in Admiration here,
 Is this the Garden of my God?
 What fragrant Balm is that so near?
 Tis Pardon sprinkled with rich Blood.
- 3 Is this the Manner of his Love?
 Did he to screen my guilty Head,
 Leave those celestial Joys above,
 To suffer Vengeance in my stead?
- 4 Methinks I see the dreadful Sword,
 Plung'd in his Body on the Tree:
 But why, O why, my dearest Lord,
 Why this extreme Expence for me?
- 5 Why this excruciating Pain?
 Why wilt thou suffer, bleed, and die?
 Why

Why part with Blood from ev'ry Vein,
To save a Wretch so vile as I?

- 6 O let my Soul adoring bend,
Here is profound, stupendous Love;
Too vast for me to comprehend.
Too vast for all the Saints above.
- 7 Yet I would fain more fully know,
That Thou art mine, more clearly see :
By Faith engrafted let me grow,
Thou Root and Spring of Life, like Thee.
- 8 Make me a Plant of thy right Hand,
Thy full Salvation let me prove;
In Paradise I then shall stand,
And live for ever in thy Love.

XII.

*Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, and To-Day, and
ever. Heb. xiii. 8.*

- 1 **I**S Jesus evermore the same?
Lean then, my Soul, upon his Name:
O bid thine Unbelief be gone,
And learn to live by Faith alone.
- 2 View his unchanging Mercy here,
Jesus, the same from Year to Year;
From Age to Age enduring still,
The same in Goodness, Power, and Skill.
- 3 His Pity saw th' expiring Thief,
And chang'd for endless Life his Grief:

His Grace is now as rich and free
As when he hung upon the Tree.

- 4 Still his Compassion is the same
To all that love and fear his Name;
Stronger than Death his Truths abide,
And none can turn his Love aside.
- 5 No Time can alter his Decrees,
Nor change his precious Promises:
His Word shall stand thro' endless Day,
When Heaven and Earth are pass'd away.
- 6 But O how weak my Faith appears,
How prone to yield to Doubts and Fears;
Mistrusting, when I'm chang'd in Frame,
That Jesus is not still the same!
- 7 Why do I aft so vile a Part,
And grieve my dear Redeemer's Heart?
Establish, Lord, my wav'ring Mind,
And keep my Unbelief confin'd.
- 8 O help my Faith to soar above,
To rest in thine unchanging Love;
Thy Faithfulness I now adore,
Ne'er would I grieve my Saviour more.

XIII

*I love them that love me, and those that seek me early
shall find me. Prov. viii. 17.*

- 1 **O** Happy Souls that love the Lord,
He will return them Love for Love;
All needful Grace he will afford
To such as seek the Joys above.

2 They

- 2 They in his kind Protection share,
He is their Father and their Friend,
Jesus will soften all their Care,
And help in every Trouble send.
- 3 He views their Graces with Delight,
He stands engag'd to do them good ;
Their Souls are precious in his Sight,
Bought with the Price of his rich Blood.
- 4 Who would not serve so kind a God ?
Who would not learn to trust his Name ?
Who would not tremble at his Rod,
And fly to hide them near the Lamb ?
- 5 O come and taste his matchless Love,
Ye young in Years, come seek the Lord :
Ask, now, for Wisdom from above,
And God your Wishes will regard.
- 6 Your early Cries shall please him well,
O let not Sin your Souls ensnare ;
Come shun the Paths of Death and Hell,
Religion's noblest Pleasures share.
- 7 Jesus is worthy of your Love,
O let him have your *first* Regard ;
Nor let your youthful Passions rove
Till you can say, you love the Lord,
- 8 So shall your growing Years be blest,
The Church shall over you rejoice,
Jesus himself shall be your Rest,
While Angels glory in your Choice.

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XIV.

Unto you that fear my Name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with Healing in his Wings.

Mal. iv. 2.

- 1 **G**OOD News these blessed Words impart
To every humble, trembling Heart;
Good News to all that fear the Lord,
To all that trust his sacred Word.
- 2 Tidings of Health, of Peace, of Joy,
To those whom Satan's Darts annoy:
O let my Soul this News embrace,
And wait the Coming of his Grace !
- 3 Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness,
Will rise and scatter my Distress:
I shall behold the King of Kings,
With health bright beaming from his Wings.
- 4 One Smile from him, like Noon's Display,
Shall turn my Darkness into Day;
One look of Love from Him shall raise
My Doubts to Faith, my Pray'r to Praise.
- 5 He will arise, my Fears assuage,
And shine in spite of Satan's Rage:
Soon shall I see the glorious Son,
And sing the Wonders he hath done.

XV.

Ask, What I shall give thee, 1 Kings, iii. 5.

- 1 **S**HEW me the Soul to Doubts expos'd,
(To such this Question is propos'd:)

C

Ask,

Ask, faith the Lord, and let me know
What I shall now on thee bestow?

2 Say, what thy Wants, and what thy Woes?
Dost thou in Me thy Trust repose?

Art thou my Friend, sincerely true?
Speak, for thy Springs of Thought I view.

3 Art thou to Seriousness inclin'd?
Ask, and I'll solemnize thy Mind.
Dost thou want Love to Jesu's Name?
Ask, and his matchless Love proclaim.

4 Dost thou want Peace, and Pardon seal'd?
Ask, for they wait to be reveal'd.
Dost thou want Faith, and holy Fear?
Ask, and behold the Blessings near.

5 Dost thou want Strength 'gainst Sin to fight?
Ask, and I'll make thee strong in Might.
Dost thou want Light, and Life divine?
Ask, and eternal Life is thine.

6 Wilt thou be made completely whole?
Ask, and I'll renovate thy Soul.
This Instant ask; arise and Pray,
Nor lose such Blessings by Delay.

XVI.

*But my God shall supply all your Need according to his
riches in Glory, by Christ Jesus. Phil. iv. 19.*

1 **R**ICHES immense are in thy Hand,
Thou God in whom I trust;

In

- In whom I live, by whom I stand,
Most Holy, Wise, and Just,
- 2 O how extensive is thy Grace,
How rich, how full, how free !
The needy thou delight'st to raise,
I'll tell my Wants to Thee.
- 3 I want to fear thy sacred Name,
I want to love thee more ;
I want to feel that heav'nly Flame
Which I have felt before.
- 4 I want to know myself aright,
To hear what Jesus saith ;
I want Repentance in thy Sight,
I want a stronger Faith.
- 5 I want to have my Soul resign'd,
Submissive to thy Will ;
I want a meek, an humble Mind :
I want my Wants to feel.
- 6 I want a chaste and single Eye :
Thy gracious Ear incline,
From Fulness Infinite supply
This empty soul of mine.
- 7 Thro' Jesus let these Blessings flow,
He bought them with his Blood ;
Now let a worthless Sinner know
Thy Promises made good.

XVII.

1 **T**O Him, to Him, whose Love hath wrought
More than I ever ask'd or thought :

To Him my Powers aspire to raise
A grateful Song of humble Praise.

- 2 Twas he that fought me from above,
When quite a Stranger to his Love ;
When rushing blindfold down to Hell,
He saw, and caught me as I fell.
- 3 To Him, to Him be Glory giv'n,
Who taught my Soul the Way to Heav'n ;
To Him be praise, thro' endless Day,
Who guides and keeps me in the Way.
- 4 Praise Him, ye Angels round the Throne,
Whose Blood did for my Sins atone ;
He is your Glory and your Boast,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

XVIII.

LET Praise employ my Heart and Tongue :
Let Grace, free Grace, be all my Song,
While Life and Breath remains :
In this sweet Work I love t'engage,
And when I quit this earthly Stage,
I'll sing in nobler Strains.

XIX.

Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in Heart,
Mat. xi. 29.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the great, the Mighty God,
A Man of Griefs became ;
In Paths of Meekness here he trod,
And bore the Sinner's Shame.

2 Humility

- 2 Humility, how bright it shin'd
In every Act he wrought :
What Lowliness of Heart and Mind
Appear'd in all he taught.
- 3 Love to the human, fallen Race,
Glow'd in his tender Breast :
For Man he yielded to Disgrace,
Forsaken and distressed.
- 4 Led as a Lamb to meet the Sword,
He bow'd beneath the Stroke :
Not one revengeful, angry Word,
The dear Redeemer spoke.
- 5 O may his Meekness be my Guide,
The Pattern I pursue ;
How can I bear Revenge or Pride,
With Jesus in my view ?

XX.

Pride goeth before Destruction. Prov. xvi. 18.

- 1 **L**ORD, search and try this Heart of mine,
Put every Sin to Death ;
I long to see my Pride resign
It's pestilential Breath.
- 2 I dread it's Pow'r, I hate it's Name,
It's sad Effects I fear:
Extinguish, Lord, this dang'rous Flame,
Nor let one Spark appear.
- 3 Hide it for ever from mine Eyes,
It's hellish Rage controul ;

Lest Wrath, destructive from the Skies
Consume my guilty Soul.

4 In Dust and Ashes I would lie,
As less, as worse than Nought ;
And mourn that such a Wretch as I
Should have one haughty Thought.

5 Form, Lord, each Motion of my Heart
Obedient to thy Will :
In Thee the humble Soul has Part,
My Breast let Meekness fill.

XXI.

If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established.
Is. vii. 9.

- 1 **A**TTEND, my Soul, and trembling hear,
This awful Truth demands your Fear :
Persisting still to disbelieve,
Nor Hope nor Grace can you receive.
- 2 Attend to what th' ETERNAL saith,
And pray incessantly for Faith ;
Lest in an awful, hast'ning Hour
You fall to be restor'd no more.
- 3 Pray for that Faith which stands sincere,
Which strives till Death to persevere ;
That Faith which treads the Tempter down,
Which apprehends the heav'nly Crown.
- 4 That Faith which gladdens all the Heart,
Cleansing the Soul thro' ev'ry Part ;
That Faith which justifies, which draws
The Will t' obey Jehovah's Laws.

5 That

- 5 That Faith which works inspir'd by Love,
Shed by the Spirit from above ;
That Faith which can the Cross sustain,
And sing in Poverty and Pain.
- 6 Faith which can Satan's Schemes destroy,
And fill the Soul with constant Joy,
Which sees its Path in darkest Night,
And keeps the heav'nly Port in Sight.
- 7 O precious Faith ! May I be found
Establish'd on its happy Ground :
Instruct me, Jesus, from above,
And build me up in Faith and Love.
- 8 Then let the rising billows roll,
Faith is the Anchor of my Soul :
I'm well secur'd on ev'ry side,
Fix'd firm in Christ, my Rock, my Guide.

XXII.

*Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise Man glory in his
Wisdom, neither let the mighty Man glory in his
Might ; let not the rich Man glory in his Riches,
but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he un-
derstandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord.*

Jer. ix. 23, 24.

- 1 **L**ET not the Learned and the Wise,
Extol the Wisdom of their Minds,
'Tis Folly in JEHOVAH'S Eyes,
Whose Wisdom in Perfection shines.
- 2 Let not the noble and the Strong,
Presume to boast their borrow'd Might,
Lest

Lest God to whom all Power belong,
Their stubborn Joints with Weakness smite.

3 Let not the Rich in Pride grow bold,
Or glory in their fading Store ;
Lest God in Anger curse their Gold,
And make their Souls for ever poor.

4 Thus saith the Lord of all below,
“ Let no one boast before my Throne,
“ Except in this—He’s taught to know
“ That I am God, and God alone !”

5 Make this your glorying in his Sight,
That by his Teaching you can trace
The things in which his Thoughts delight,
His Truth, his Justice, and his Grace.

6 To Him your Impotence confess,
Mourn and lament your daily Wrongs :
And make his Strength and Righteousness
Your frequent, and your joyful Songs.

XXIII.

*I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but
now mine eye seeth thee ; wherefore I abhor myself,
and repent in Dust and ashes. Job xlii. 5. 6.*

1 **O**FTEN, great God, I’ve heard of Thee,
As righteous, just, and wise ;
But now thy Holiness I see.
And sink in deep Surprise.

2 My Soul, with Reverence adore,
How awful is the Sight !

Let

Let me presume to speak no more,
Of Excellence so bright.

- 3 Ten thousand Tongues in vain pretend,
To tell what thou hast wrought ;
God and his glorious Works transcend
The utmost reach of Thought.
- 4 Lost in the search, o'erwhelm'd with Shame,
My Conduct I review :
And self-abhorr'd, thro' Jesu's Name,
For Pardon humbly sue.
- 5 My sad Impatience I lament ;
How dare I to complain ?
O could I screen my Discontent,
Or call it back again !
- 6 How could a sinful Wretch presume,
To murmur and repine :
How justly, Lord, might thou consume
This guilty Soul of mine.
- 7 Asham'd, I loath myself in Dust,
Unholy and unclean :
Thou Lord alone, art Good and Just,
O pardon all my Sin.

XXIV.

*What Man is he that feareth the Lord?—Him shall he
teach in the Way that he shall choose. Psalm 25. 12.*

- 1 **I** Fear the God of Heaven and Earth,
All sinful Ways my Soul refuse ;

I fain

I fain would tread the narrow Path,
Lord, teach me in the Way I chuse.

2 I chuse the Way that leads to God,
The Way of Holiness and Love;
The Way of Faith in Jesu's Blood,
Mark'd and appointed from above.

3 The Prophets trod this holy Ground,
This is the Road Believers go;
Th' Apostles in this Way were found,
I charge my Soul to tread it too.

4 My Weakness urges me to pray;
Lord, guide my Steps, my Path make plain,
Conduct me in the heav'nly Way,
Nor let me supplicate in vain.

5 Now in the Strength of God I'll go,
In haste to reach that welcome Shore,
Where all is Happiness—where Woe,
And Sin, and Sorrows are no more.

6 May Jesus own me in that Day
As one belonging to his Fold,
Who held, thro' Grace in Wisdom's Way,
Ordain'd his Glory to behold.

7 The worthy Lamb that shed his Blood
Shall then receive the highest Praise;
He brought my wand'ring Soul to God,
Angels, extol his sov'reign Grace!

XXV.

*Unless thy Law had been my Delight I should then have
perished in mine Affliction. Ps. cxix. 92.*

1 **G**OD and his Law are my Delight,
My Glory and my Song;
My sure Support by Day and Night,
The Pleasure of my Tongue.

2 When Guilt pursues my troubled Breast,
His Word I will receive;
He tells me where my Faith must rest,
And helps me to Believe.

3 When Darkness overspreads my Mind,
His Word supports me still;
I'm there convinc'd that God is kind,
Tho' I no comfort feel.

4 When sore Temptations vex my Soul,
I think upon his Word;
Some Promise then my Fears controul,
And leads me to the Lord.

5 When for my Sin my Heart is broke,
And Tears my Grief disclose
Thy Word directs me to that Rock,
Whence Peace and Pardon flows.

6 Are my Afflictions sharp and long?
'Does Pain extreme ensue?
God's Word I Trust—His Arm is strong,
His Wisdom bears me through.

7 Glory

7 Glory to thee, thou God of Love,
For Favour so divine;
Who taught my Thoughts to soar above,
And made these Blessings mine.

8 Had not thy Word been my Relief,
Had not thy Truth sustain'd,
I must have perish'd in my Grief,
No other Help remain'd.

XXVI.

*I will say unto God, Do not condemn me, shew me
wherefore thou contendest with me. Job x. 2.*

1 **C**ONDEMN me not, most gracious God,
Let not thy sore Displeasure burn:
Do not destroy me with thy Rod,
Nor at my feeble Offerings spurn.

2 Give me the Knowledge of my Heart,
Release me from this heavy Yoke,
Shew me the Cause of all my Smart,
Why must I bear this cutting Stroke?

3 What is it that provokes thine Ire?
Is there some Idol I must yield?
Sure in my Heart some base Desire,
Some dreadful Evil lies conceal'd.

4 There's surely some beloved Sin,
Could I but find the deadly Foe,
Has crept and lurks securely in;
Fain would I mourn and hate it too.

5 Lest it should sink my Soul to Hell,
 Search me, O God, in ev'ry Part;
 Let not one Sin in secret dwell,
 Search me, and shew me all my Heart.

6 Let me be stripp'd of all my Pride,
 I'll not regard how coarse my Fare,
 Let me with Christ be crucified,
 If but HIS Favor I may share,

Tho' pinching Poverty prevail,
 Although the Fields should yield no Meat,
 The Labour of the Olive fail,
 If Christ is mine, my Joy's compleat.

beav me
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 God,

XXVII.

Thou God see'st me. Gen: xvi. 13.

THOU God of Justice and of Grace,
 Who would not fear thy Name?
 Thy Omnipresence fills all Space,
 Thine Eyes thro' Nature flame.

No secret Thought can ever shun
 The Notice of thine Eye;
 From thee conceal'd no Act be done,
 For thou art ever nigh.

Thine Eye surveys the Ground I tread,
 Whene'er I rove abroad;
 Within the Curtains of my Bed,
 I lie in Sight of God.

5 Left

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4 O be

4 O be this solemn Truth inscrib'd
For ever on my Heart,
Lest vile Deceit should be imbib'd,
And I from Truth depart.

5 Give me, O Lord, this holy Fear,
For 'tis a Gift divine :
The Soul that views Thee ever near,
No evil can design.

XXVIII.

*If his Children forsake my Law, and walk not in my
Judgments, if they break my Statutes and keep not my
Commandments : Then will I visit their Transgressions
with the Rod, and their Iniquity with Stripes.
Nevertheless my Loving-Kindness will I not utterly take
from him, nor suffer my Faithfulness to fail : My
Covenant will I not break, nor alter the Thing that is
gone out of my Lips. Psa. lxxxix. 30—34.*

1 **W**ELL may I groan beneath thy Stroke,
From whose Commands my Heart hath
stray'd ;

Lord I have all thy Statutes broke,
Nor have I strictly One obey'd.

2 Altho' enlighten'd from above,
I've caus'd thy Spirit to depart ;
Have sin'd against both Light and Love,
Made Jesus' Wounds afresh to smart.

3 Where shall I hide my blushing Face ?
My Guilt awakes my Grief and Fears :
How have I sin'd against thy Grace !
My base Ingratitude appears.

4 Chasten'd

- 4 Chasten'd, but not destroy'd, I stand,
Convinc'd my God doth all Things well ;
I'll kiss the Rod, and bless the Hand,
That keeps me from the lowest Hell.
- 5 Mercy is mix'd with all my Woes,
My Heart rebellious to subdue :
God no Injustice can impose,
View'd with my Crimes his Stripes are few.
- 6 Tho' he afflicts, his Love is sure,
His Covenant he will ne'er revoke ;
His faithfulness is too secure,
To alter what his Lips have spoke.
- 7 While he corrects, I'll plead his Grace,
His Oath confirm'd and seal'd with Blood :
Herein my Confidence I'll place,
He cannot cease to be my God.

XXIX.

All Things work together for good to them that love God.

Rom. viii. 28.

- 1 **O**FT has my Soul in Secret bless'd
Affliction's chastning Rod,
It weans me from the Creature's Breast,
And brings me near to God.
- 2 When I can take believing Views
Of his mysterious Ways,
I can each murm'ring Thought refuse,
And celebrate his Praise.
- 3 Contented then I can resign
To Trouble, Loss, or Shame,

D 2

Con-

Convinc'd all Things for good combine,
To those that love his Name.

- 4 I love, and fain would love him more,
Whatever Woes assail ;
All Things subserve his sov'reign Power,
His Wisdom cannot fail.

- 5 When, Thou Desire of Nations, when
Shall I have this Request :
To sigh no more, no more to sin,
But in thy Presence rest ?

XXX.

The Lord killeth and maketh alive ; He bringeth down to the Grave, and bringeth up. 1 Sam. ii. 6.

- 1 **T**REMBLE, my Soul, Fall down before
Jehovah, Infinite in Power !
Tremble before Eternal Might ;
No Flesh may glory in his Sight.

- 2 'Tis he that animates thy Clay ;
Life, Death, and Hell his Voice obey ;
'Tis He destroys, 'tis He can save ;
'Tis He that rescues from the Grave.

- 3 He wounds, and He alone can heal ;
He sends—and cures the Pains I feel ;
'Tis God, and I'll adore his Name,
Whose Pow'r revives my dying Frame.

- 4 Justice afflicts, and Love relieves,
My Soul from Him her Help receives ;
From Him all Comforts we derive :
Faith he bestows and keeps alive.

- 5 Faith can perceive, in darkest Hour,
Eternal Wisdom join'd with Pow'r,
Justice go hand and hand with Grace,
And Truth and Mercy keep one Pace.

XXXI.

*Awake, O Sword, against my Shepherd, against the Man
that is my Fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts. Zech. xiii. 7.*

- 1 **T**HE Tri-une God above,
And Lord of all below,
To Sinners shews his Love,
Displays his Justice too.

“Awake, Awake, Vindictive Sword,
Against my Fellow! saith the Lord.

- 2 Awake against the Man
Omnipotent in Pow'r,
To execute my Plan
Lost Mortals to restore :

Man has a Load of Guilt so great,
None but my Son can bear the Weight.

- 3 Him Vengeance shall pursue,,
For Man he must atone ;
To Justice what is due,,
His Blood can pay alone.

He shall my righteous Law fulfill ;
He shall accomplish all my Will.”

- 4 The Lord of Hosts commands,
Th' Eternal Father spoke :
All Heav'n in Silence stands
While Jesus bears the Stroke.

See! guilty Mortals! See! His Side
For you was pierc'd : For You He died!

5 Draw near th' accursed Tree,
In Wonder lost, that Love
Could rise to that degree—
Your Sentence to remove !
With weeping Eyes his Sorrows view,
He groan'd, He bled, He died for You.

6 O let him have your Hearts,
Your Blessings shall increase :
To His, He still imparts
Both Righteousness and Peace.
His Grace shall all your Sins subdue ;
He groan'd, He bled, He died for you.

7 Bought by his precious Blood,
You are no more your own ;
Give up yourselves to God,
And live to Him alone :
Jesus will bear you Conq'rors through,
He groan'd, He bled, He died for you.

XXXII.

1 **S**ALVATION's Work is done :
The Law is all obey'd ;
To God, the Father—God, the Son,
Be endless Honors paid.

2 All Glory to His Name
Who hung upon the Tree :
Let the whole Earth repeat the same :
He bled and died for *Me* !

XXXIII.

1 **T**O Him that brought Salvation nigh,
Let praise incessant rise :
Raise, Saints, your Hallelujahs high,
Above the lofty Skies. 2 Praise

Praise God, from whom your Comforts flow ;
 Sing your Redeemer's Love ;
 Praise the Eternal Spirit, too,
 Who taught you from above.

XXXIV.

God thundereth marvelously with his Voice. Job xxxvii. 5.

THE Rain descends, the Tempests rise—
 My Soul, his Majesty adore !
 Jehovah's Voice sounds thro' the Skies,
 While Lightnings flash, and Thunders roar.

I sit becalm'd while others fear,
 The God of Thunder is my All ;
 It is my Father's Voice I hear,
 Nor shall I by his Thunder fall.

No, while his Lightnings flash around,
 Altho' the Earth's Foundation move,
 I stand secure on Faith's firm Ground,
 I rest in his unchanging Love.

Nothing shall fright my Soul from God,
 Should he the Skies this Moment rend,
 He is my only safe Abode :
 My Rock, my Refuge, and my Friend.

XXXV.

Behold he cometh with Clouds, and every Eye shall Him.
 Rev. i. 7.

BEHOLD, He comes, the Saviour comes,
 Dress'd in his bright Array,
 Awake, ye Saints, and burst your Tombs,
 And view the glorious Day.

2 He

- 2 He comes, attended from on high,
With Thousands, thro' the Skies,
His Glory shines; and every Eye
Shall see him with Surprise.
- 3 Lo, in the Clouds the Judge descends
With his illustrious Train,
Sinners he severs from his Friends,
And dooms to endless Pain.
- 4 He comes, to make his Justice known,
To vindicate his Word:
The Guilty view him on his Throne,
And wail before the Lord.
- 5 Till now they never sought his Face,
Nor wept for Sin before:
O how tremendous is their Case!
They weep to laugh no more.
- 6 Once they despis'd his glorious Name,
And set at nought his Worth;
But now they feel with bitter Shame,
His fierce vindictive Wrath.
- 7 They now behold the Saints rejoice,
And mount above the Skies;
These praise the Lamb with chearful Voice,
And triumph as they rise.
- 8 Yes, and my Soul shall bear her Part,
In their melodious Song;
My Saviour's Grace shall tune my Heart,
His Love inspire my Tongue.

XXXVI.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 **L**ET others wrapt in Self-conceit,
Boast in their Wisdom and their Wit;
Let them extol their Gold and Drolls,
I'll glory in my Saviour's Cross.
- 2 While the Self-righteous, blind and rude,
Cry up their native rectitude,
I'll seek Revenge on all my Pride,
And boast in Jesus crucified.
- 3 While they, with Curses on their Heads,
Talk of their Justice and their Deeds,
I chuse to sit at Jesu's Feet,
And Self-abasement is my Seat.
- 4 Hither I'm brought by sov'reign Grace,
I bless the Means, and love the Place;
I bid all earthly Joys be gone,
And glory in my Lord alone.
- 5 Here could I tarry Night and Day,
Here could my Soul for ever stay;
O may I never, never rove,
Nor glory, save in Jesu's Love!

XXXVII.

*And the Cause that is too hard for you, bring it unto me,
and I will bear it. Deut. i. 17.*

- 1 **T**URN, O my Soul, from Moses turn,
Behold a greater far is here;
The God of Moses!—Of Him learn,
In all Things Him obedient hear.

2 Yes;

- 2 Yes : the Great God vouchsafes t' invite
His Servants to his Throne of Grace,
With Words which surely must delight
The Souls of all that seek his Face.
- 3 Freely, methinks he says, Make known,
Your Difficulties all to me ;
I'll meet and bless you at my Throne,
I'll hear and answer ev'ry Plea.
- 4 What ! have you broke my righteous Law
And are you overcome with Fear ?
Is Guilt, that most distressing Cause,
Too grievous for your Souls to bear ?
- 5 With this approach your mighty God,
I'll hear your Suit whene'er you pray ;
Yea, and my own all-powerful Blood,
Shall wash your Load of Guilt away.
- 6 I never intercede in vain,
Although I intercede for all,
I hear, well-pleas'd, when Souls complain
Of Sin, and for Forgiveness call.
- 7 O what Encouragement for Thee,
My poor, desponding, drooping Soul !
Hear, and by Faith to Jesus flee,
And he will all thy Fears controul.

XXXVIII.

Look unto Me and be ye saved. Is. xlv. 22.

- 1 **L**OOK unto Me, the Saviour cries,
Behold in me your Help is found :
Look, Sinners ! look with stedfast Eyes,
I have a Balm for every Wound.

2 Look

- 2 Look unto Me, and Me alone,
Look now, while I inviting stand,
Your Advocate before the Throne,
With Life eternal in my Hand.
- 3 To me your sin-sick Souls resign,
I'll save them from the lowest Hell,
All Power in Heaven and Earth is Mine,
And in my Presence they shall dwell.
- 4 Ye mourning Souls, that fear my Name,
I've heard your Groans, I've seen your Tears,
Look up to me ! I bore your Shame,
And I forbid your gloomy Fears.
- 5 Look, Saints ! look, Sinners ! and adore ;
I am your Prophet, Priest, and King :
Look, and be joyful evermore ;
Look, and complete Salvation sing.

XXXIX.

careful for nothing, but in every Thing by Prayer and Supplication, with Thanksgiving, let your Requests be made known unto God. Phil. iv. 6.

- 1 **L**ET all my anxious Cares be gone,
Why should they now disturb my Breast ?
My Soul confides in God alone,
And in his gracious Promise rest.
- 2 There is a rich, a full Supply,
In the broad Cov'nant of his Love ;
Then let my Groans ascend on high,
To bring the Blessings from above.

3 O for

- 3 O for a Heart that loves to pray,
That loves to converse with the Lord;
Fain would I cast my Fears away,
And live by Faith upon his Word.
- 4 On God I'll cast my every Care,
To Him my ev'ry Want make known;
When Troubles come, in humble Prayer
I'll spread them all before his Throne.
- 5 I would with Gratitude adore
His matchless condescending Grace;
And charge my Heart, Repine no more,
No more refuse to seek his Face.

XL.

And all Things whatsoever ye shall ask in Prayer, believing, ye shall receive. Mat. xxi. 22.

- 1 **O** Soul-reviving Word,
Let all my Fears be gone!
Let me by Faith address the Lord,
And bow before his Throne.
- 2 O why should Unbelief
Stay the Almighty's Hand,
That Hand which holds my sure Relief,
Tho' Earth and Hell withstand.
- 3 My Soul, believe and pray,
Without a Doubt believe;
Whate'er we ask in God's own Way,
We shall in Truth receive.

4 Here

- 4 Here stands the Promise fair,
For God cannot repent;
To fervent, persevering Prayer
He'll ev'ry Blessing grant.
- 5 Pray then for Pardon now,
And Sin-subduing Grace;
For Strength intreat, and Wisdom too,
So shall you each embrace.
- 6 For Faith, in Faith I'll pray,
This glorious Promise plead,
And God, thro' Christ, will soon convey
The Blessings which I need.

XLI.

Though the Lord be high, yet hath he Respect unto the lowly. Psalm cxxxviii. 6.

- 1 **H**IGH in the Heavens doth God reside,
None can his perfect Beauty trace;
His Glory shines on ev'ry Side,
Before him Angels veil their Face.
- 2 His Condescension he displays,
Their purest Offerings to approve;
How then should it our Wonder raise,—
Mortals are call'd to share his Love!
- 3 Mortals who have so oft rebell'd
Against the Offers of his Grace;
His Threatnings at Defiance held.
And dar'd the Almighty to his Face.

E

4 Yet

- 4 Yet strange ! all-gracious, from above
 God stoops, to bring such Rebels nigh,
 Allures them with the Cords of Love,
 And shews them where their Help doth lie
- 5 Then they in Dust confess their Sin,
 Believe, and tremble at his Word ;
 They mourn their Natures all unclean,
 Repent, and turn unto the Lord.
- 6 Then God his sov'reign Grace displays,
 Flies o'er the Mountains of their Guilt,
 And pardons all their sinful Ways,
 Thro' Jesus' Blood on Calv'ry spilt.
- 7 To such he looks with tender Care,
 And stamps his Image on their Heart :
 O happy Souls ! his Love they share,
 Nor shall his Favour e'er depart.

XLII.

Walk circumspectly, not as Fools, but as Wise. Eph. v.

- 1 **T**HIS Blessing, Lord, to me impart—
 O make me circumspect in Heart !
 Let not Hypocrisy and Guile,
 My Soul's interior Powers defile.
- 2 O make me wise, celestial Dove § !
 Wise as a Sharer in thy Love ;
 Wise to believe and trust thy Word,
 To honor Jesus as my Lord.

3 May

§ Addressed to the Holy Ghost, of which the Dove is a Sc
 tural Emblem.

- 3 May Grace divine be still supplied,
My Soul's Director, Guardian, Guide ;
Lord, let thy Honor be my End,
In all the Labours I attend.
- 4 I want that lively Zeal for God
Which loves to spread his Praise abroad ;
Let this, and not the Praise of Men,
Inspire my Muse, and guide my Pen.
- 5 Jesus, do thou direct my Walk,
Inspire my Thoughts, dictate my Talk ;
O give me Faith, and holy Fear,
Make ev'ry Act of mine sincere.
- 6 I'd leave the prating Fool to boast,
Let me lie humbled in the Dust :
Lord, keep me ever at thy Feet,
I'll freely chuse the lowest Seat.

XLIII.

*to be carnally-minded is Death, but to be spiritually-minded
is Life and Peace. Rom. viii 6.*

- 1 **B**Y Holiness and watchful Care,
Be vain Desire confin'd ;
Guard, O my Soul, against this Snare,
A carnal, earthly Mind.

- 2 This will be Death to all thy Joys,
'Twill give new Life to Pain ;
'Twill cause distressing Fears to rise,
And wound thy Lord again.

- 3 Satan would triumph in the Sight,
And chain me down to Sense;
Then must I mourn in gloomy Night,
Till Jesus brings me thence.
- 4 O for invigorating Grace,
To raise my Soul above;
O for that Heavenly-mindedness
That Satan cannot move!
- 5 Peace, constant then, serene, and full,
Would like a River flow:
Courage divine would arm my Soul,
And bear down ev'ry Foe.
- 6 How would my Faith triumphant rise,
And leave the World behind;
How would I soar above the Skies,
And scorn to be confin'd.
- 7 The World in vain should tempt me down,
I'd laugh at ev'ry Snare:
I'd aim at Nearness to the Throne,
For my Redeemer's there.
- 8 Descend, immortal Dove, descend,
And bear my Heart away;
Let Life and Peace my Soul attend,
'Till Heav'n completes my Day.

XLIV.

Be not afraid of their Faces, for I am with thee. Jer. i. 8.

- 1 **W**HY should the Dread of sinful Man
Insnares and vex my Soul?
O for that Fortitude which can
My ev'ry Fear controul.

2 Shall

- 2 Shall I offend a holy God,
And sacrifice my Peace,
To shun a mortal's threatening Rod ;
A Friend or two to please ?
- 3 Hard is the Task, I must confess,
Where Duty thus confines ;
Nor can my Soul escape Distress,
Tho' she to God inclines.
- 4 Fain would I please both Friends and Foes,
And follow Peace with all,
Nor to one Frown myself expose,
But where 'tis Duty's Call.
- 5 I must obey the God I love,
Tho' all the World contemns ;
One Smile from him I prize above
The richest earthly Gems.
- 6 Hark, O my Soul, methinks I hear
Jehovah's awful Voice,
" Fear not, thou Worm, for I am near,
I will defend thy Choice.
- 7 While mortal Men revile and frown,
I'll smile upon thy Soul ;
And thou shalt tread the Tempter down,
While I his Rage controul.
- 8 Trust thou in my Almighty Name,
Nor let thy Faith be weak ;
Thy Soul shall ne'er be put to Shame,
Whilst thou my Glory seek."
- 9 Lord, I resign me to thy Will,
Thy Wisdom I adore !

I yield to Thee, thy Word fulfil,
And let me doubt no more.

XLV.

*Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto Men
but within ye are full of Hypocrisy and Iniquity.*

Mat. xxiii. 28.

- 1 **D**ECEIVERS will affect t' appear
Like Something good and great;
Religion as a Cloak they wear,
And think themselves complete.
- 2 Against Impiety and Vice,
They will exclaim aloud ;
In lesser Things, how strict and nice,
That Men may call them *Good*.
- 3 Amongst the Saints they'll join in Prayer,
With Looks demure and grave;
Devoutly read, when Men can hear,
And think each Duty brave.
- 4 But O their Hearts are all unclean,
All filthy and impure,
Full of Hypocrisy and Sin ;
There Satan reigns secure.
- 5 Strange to themselves, estrang'd from God,
How awful is their State !
Soon must they feel his vengeful Rod—
What Woes their Souls await !
- 6 Tremble, my Soul, with holy Fear,
And dread Deceit and Guile :
Lord, make this Heart of mine sincere,
Obedient to thy Will.

XLVL

XLVI.

The Fear of the Lord is to hate Evil. Prov. viii. 13.

- 1 **N**OW, whilst I try my Heart
By this unerring Word,
My Conscience can assert
I truly fear the Lord;
I cannot tread the Paths of Sin,
I long for Holiness within.
- 2 Yes, Holiness of Heart,
I would more largely share;
I mourn with inward smart
The evils that are there :
I hate my Thoughts, because they're vain,
I would from ev'ry Sin abstain.
- 3 I hate this wretched Pride,
These covetous Desires;
I'd have them crucified,
For God my Heart requires :
Jesus, do Thou these Foes subdue,
Make me still more sincere and true.
- 4 I'd live alone to Thee,
I love t' obey thy Word,
Well-pleas'd that thou should'st be
My Saviour and my Lord.
To Thee I now resign my Heart,
Renew it, Lord, in ev'ry part.

XLVII.

Love your Enemies; Bless them that curse you; Do good to them that hate you. Matt. v. 44.

- 1 **L**ORD, captivate my ev'ry Thought,
I'll then delight to do thy Will;
I love

- I love the Doctrines thou hast taught,
And they shall lead and guide me still.
- 2 For thy dear sake, I love my Foes,
And seek their Happiness with Care;
I fain would do some good to those
Whose Hatred unprovok'd I bear.
- 3 While they revile my worthless Name,
Do thou defeat each base Design;
And lest their Malice end in Shame,
Their Anger turn to Love benign.
- 4 Bring them, O Jesus, to thy Throne,
Let them thy pard'ning Mercy prove;
To them thy glorious Self make known,
And set their Hearts on Things above.
- 5 Bless them with ev'ry Christian Grace,
Inspire their Souls with holy Joy;
So shall their Wrath to Love give Place,
And nobler Thoughts their Minds employ.
- 6 Be this my sweet revenge on those
Whose Envy treads me in the Dust:
I'd dwell at Peace with all my Foes,
My Friends I'd seek among the Just.

XLVIII.

*The liberal Soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth
shall be watered also himself. Prov. xi. 25.*

- 1 CHRISTIAN, wouldst thou in Grace excel
Wouldst thou enlarge thy Store?
Use what thou hast with liberal Zeal,
And God will give thee more.

2 Let

- 2 Let not thy sacred Talents lie
Conceal'd beneath the Ground,
But bless thy Fellow-Christians, by
The Treasures thou hast found.
- 3 Comfort the feeble and oppress'd,
With Tokens of thy Love ;
Then shall thy Soul be well refresh'd,
And water'd from above.
- 4 Shew kind Affection, special care,
To the afflicted Poor ;
Give freely what thou hast to spare,
And God will give thee more.
- 5 The liberal Heart, the liberal Hand
Jehovah deigns to bless :
By such he will most surely stand,
And keep them from Distress.

XLIX.

A certain Centurion's Servant was dear unto him.
Luke vii. 2.

- 1 **G**RACE will to every Duty bind,
It forms the Hearts of Men sincere,
It sweetly humbles all the Mind,
And then in Acts it will appear.
- 2 It makes the meanest Servant just,
Willing, obedient, wise, discreet,
Worthy of Confidence and Trust,
And diligent without Deceit.

3 Was

- 3 Was the Centurion's Servant such,
Who won his Master for his Friend ?
Yes, or he'd ne'er been lov'd so much :—
What Blessings faithful Souls attend !
- 4 He sought the Honour of his God,
Approv'd his Station and his Fare ;
The Paths of Honesty he trod,
His Lord's good Pleasure his chief care.
- 5 Ye that are Servants, seek for Grace,
If to your Masters you'd be dear ;
And thus fill up your humble Place,
Serve them in Faith, with holy Fear.
- 6 Labour while Heav'n allows you Strength,
Let all your Work to God be done ;
A sure Reward shall come at length,
When Faithfully your Race is run.

L.

*The Heart of him that hath Understanding, seeketh
Knowledge. Prov. xv. 14.*

- 1 **W**HERE is the understanding Heart,
That seeks to act the wiser Part ?
What is the Knowledge he requires ?
What are the Things his Soul desires ?

- 2 He seeks to know himself aright,
As seen in his Creator's Sight ;
He seeks Repentance for his Sins ;
'Tis here true Wisdom first begins.

3 Earnest

- 3 Earnest he seeks Jehovah's Face,
And longs to feel the Power of Grace ;
He shuns the Sins he lov'd before,
And strives to hate them more and more.
- 4 He seeks for Pardon thro' the Blood
Of Jesus, the incarnate God ;
He seeks that Faith which works by Love
This is the Wisdom from above.
- 5 He seeks to prove his Faith sincere,
And guards his Soul with holy Fear ;
He seeks to be approv'd of God,
And loves to spread his Praise abroad.
- 6 This is the Knowledge he requires ;
And God will grant his pure Desires ;
Jesus will bless him from the Skies,
And make him to Salvation wise.

LI.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after Righteousness, for they shall be filled. Matt. v. 6.

- 1 **T**HIS Promise is to Sinners made,
To Sinners such as me ;
Lord, I would come and humbly plead
This Promise now with thee.

- 2 I see my Heart is all unclean,
Its Hardness oft I mourn,
I thirst for Holiness within,
For perfect Love I burn.

3 How

- 3 How are my wand'ring Thoughts bewail'd,
How odious in my Sight;
When shall my Spirit be regal'd
With pure, divine Delight?
- 4 Fain would I love my Saviour more,
And live upon his Word;
I would believe, I would adore,
And banquet with the Lord.
- 5 My hungry Spirit longs to feed
On Truth and Righteousness;
I am all Emptiness and Need,
Lord, fill me with thy Grace.
- 6 O Fount of Excellence, draw near,
Or bear my Soul above,
That I may feast on heavenly Fare,
And triumph in thy Love.

LII.

These Things I command you, that ye love one another.
John xv. 17.

- 1 **A**M I indeed born from above?
Do I partake of Jesus' Love?
Then let me all my duty know,
And Love by my Obedience shew.
- 2 Fain would I love his Person more,
And God in all his Works adore;
O may his Love my Heart inflame
With Love to all that love his Name.
- 3 Where

- 3 Wherever I his Image see,
O let those Souls be dear to me!
Dear, as the Purchase of his Blood,
Dear, as the Favorites of God.
- 4 Jesus to us his Love doth shew,
And bids us love each other too;
But O how little Love sincere
Is found in great Professors here!
- 5 What Anger, Pride, and Malice swell
Those Breasts where Love alone should dwell!
O why should Satan thus devour
Religion's Glory and its Pow'r?
- 6 Come, heavenly Spirit, from above,
And fill our inmost Souls with Love;
That we may say to all Mankind,
"See how those love, whom Christ has join'd."

LIII.

another. *thou faithful unto Death, and I will give thee
a Crown of Life. Rev. ii. 10.*

LORD, is not this my one Desire,
That I may faithful prove?
I'd fight with Sin, and never tire,
'Till Death my Soul remove.

The easy work that I have here,
I faithfully would do;
And when the hardest Tasks appear
I would be faithful too.

F

3 Jesus

ne.
Where

3 Jesus, enrich my Soul with Grace,
And guide me in thy Ways;
That I may fill my humble Place,
To thine eternal praise.

4 I'd do and suffer all thy Will,
With Patience and Delight;
Duty to all I would fulfil,
By all I'd fain do right.

5 Faithful I'd lay this Body down,
And yield it to the Grave:
Faithful I'd rise, and take the Crown,
And sing thy Power to save.

LIV.

Let no corrupt Communication proceed out of your Mouth
Eph. iv. 29.

1 **Y**E highly-favour'd, who profess
To love and practise Holiness,
You stand expos'd to Earth and Hell,
And Seriousness becomes you well.

2 Be circumspect in all your Ways,
And spread your great Redeemer's Praise.
Let his Commands be your Delight,
This is well-pleasing in his Sight.

3 Labour to prove your Faith sincere,
In Purity and holy Fear;
Let all your Conduct still express
The Truth and Pow'r of Godliness.

- 4 Look up to Him, whose Blood was spilt
To purchase Pardon for your Guilt;
His Grace can all your sins subdue,
And help you both to will and do.
- 5 O love and reverence his Name,
And let his Glory be your Aim,
So shall your Souls escape Distress,
And glory in his Righteousness.

LV.

Make thy Face to shine upon thy Servant. Ps. xxxi. 16.

- 1 **L**ORD, what am I without thy Love?
Without thy Smiles I cannot rest;
Shine, Light effulgent, from above,
And with a Word pronounce me blest.
- 2 Break thro' the Darkneſs of my Mind,
And drive the Pow'rs of Hell away;
I cannot bear to be confin'd,
My Spirit longs for brighter Day.
- 3 Nothing will please me but thy Smile;
Not all the Wealth this Earth afford
Can give my Soul Contentment, while
I find ſuch Diſtance from the Lord.
- 4 Favour of Princes and of Kings,
The Smiles of Angels from on high,
To me are mean, inſipid things,
If God in Anger paſs me by.
- 5 Jeſus, regard me from above,
My Soul with all its Pow'rs are thine,

My Life depends upon thy Love,
O make thy Face on me to shine.

- 6 I will again repeat the Cry,
Importunate, till thou appear;
I will refuse all other Joy,
Till I can feel my God is near.

LVI.

*The Heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately
wicked; Who can know it? Jer. xvii. 9.*

- 1 **T**HIS wretched Heart will still backslide
O what Deceit is treasur'd here!
'Tis made of Vanity and Pride;
What Fruits of Unbelief appear!
- 2 My base Ingratitude I mourn,
My stubborn Will, my earthly Mind,
My Thoughts how vain, to rove how prone
To ev'ry evil how inclin'd!
- 3 Who can, amongst the Sons of Men,
Find out the Vileness of my Heart?
None can the Depths of Guilt explain,
'Tis all corrupt thro' ev'ry Part.
- 4 Could Creatures look into my Breast,
How would they gaze with strange surprize
They'd hate me with a fore Detest,
And turn away their frighted Eyes.
- 5 But what are Creatures, Lord, to thee!
They can't forgive one single Sin,
Were they dispos'd to pity me,
They could not work one Grace within.

- 6 To Jesus then I'll make my Moan,
O cleanse this filthy Sink of Sin !
Jesus, thou canst, and thou alone,
O condescend to make me clean.
- 7 I plead for Mercy at thy Feet,
Make me inflexibly sincere,
Purge me from Guile—from all Deceit,
And fill my Soul with holy Fear.

LVII.

and be merciful unto me, heal my Soul, for I have sinned against thee. Psalm xli. 4.

- 1 **W**ILL God be merciful to me,
And hear my Soul complain ?
Shall I indeed his Goodness see,
Or must I pray in vain ?

- 2 No, let this Thought for ever fly,
God will in Mercy hear ;
In Mercy answer when I cry,
Nor disregard my Prayer.

- 3 Lord, let thy Mercy now appear,
And calm my troubled Mind,
Proclaim thyself before me here,
“ GOD, Merciful and Kind.”

- 4 O heal my sick and wounded Soul,
Physician, Only Good !
One Word of thine can make me whole,
One Drop of Jesu's Blood.

- 5 Forgive my Guilt, for I have sinn'd,
 I'm vile in ev'ry Part;
 Heal the Diseases of my Mind,
 And renovate my Heart.

LVIII.

*Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me, for
 my Soul trusteth in thee. Psalm lviii. 1.*

- 1 **B**E merciful, O God, to me,
 Thy Mercy is my only Plea,
 Look with Compassion on my Woes,
 And let not Judgment interpose.
- 2 Guilty before thy Face I stand,
 And fear thy Sin-avenging Hand;
 Hell as my just Desert I own,
 But Mercy pleads before thy Throne.
- 3 Mercy, thro' Jesus crucified,
 I ask, and can I be denied?
 Mercy, O God—I ask no more—
 Thrust not my Soul from Mercy's Door.
- 4 O God, as powerful as just,
 In Thee, in Thee alone I trust;
 Vain does the Help of Man appear;
 Vaip is the Help of Angels here!
- 5 Nothing will give my Spirit Rest,
 'Till pard'ning Mercy makes me blest:
 Behold I faint beneath thy Frown,
 Send, send the chearing Cordial down.

LIX.

O thou of little Faith, wherefore didst thou doubt.

Matt. xiv. 31.

1 **C**OME, O my doubting Soul, attend
Unto thy Saviour's Call,

Come, tell thy great almighty Friend,

Why is thy Faith so small ?

2 Why all these unbelieving Fears ?

Jehovah's Arm is strong :

O chide these Sighs, and Groans, and Tears,

— And turn them to a Song.

3 Is God thy Shield, thy great Reward,

Thy Portion, and thy all ?

Is Christ thy Captain, and thy Lord,

And shall thy Hopes be small ?

4 Why wilt thou thus dispute his Love,

And thus abuse his Care ?

Why wilt thou grieve the Heavenly Dove,

And yield to ev'ry Snare ?

5 In Jesus ev'ry Grace is found,

Why wilt thou not believe ?

He hath a Balm for ev'ry Wound,

Why wilt thou not receive ?

6 His Arm can conquer ev'ry Foe,

His Grace can sanctify :

Amen, Amen ; Lord, be it so,

Let my Corruptions die.

7 Sin

7 Sin is the Cause of ev'ry Fear,
 O keep me from its Pow'r;
 Slay the accursed Monster here,
 That I may doubt no more.

LX.

*His Anger endureth but a Moment—in his Favour is
 Life—Weeping may endure for a Night, but Joy
 cometh in the Morning. Psalm xxx. 3—5.*

- 1 **T**HINE Anger, Lord, how short the Stay,
 Slowly it comes, and flies away
 Swift as the Darkness of the Night,
 When Morning brings the chearing Light.
- 2 My Soul again shall blefs thy Name,
 Whose Power and Love are still the same;
 Yea, thro' thine awful Frowns I trace,
 Unutterable Plans of Grace.
- 3 Too oft have I transgress'd thy Law,
 And forc'd thy Spirit to withdraw;
 I mourn:—Again thy Love appears,
 To heal my Wounds, disperse my Fears.
- 4 My God, thou art immensely kind,
 Life in thy Favour still I find;
 Thy Love is an exhaustless Store,
 O let me grieve, nor doubt no more.
- 5 Lord, take and keep my wand'ring Heart,
 Let me no more from thee depart;
 That I no more may feel thy Frown,
 Nor tempt, nor force thine Anger down.

LXI.

LXI.

*Blessed are the Poor in Spirit, for their's is the Kingdom
of Heaven. Matt. v. 3.*

1 **C**OME, each desponding, drooping Soul,
You who desire to seek the Lord,
Whose Thoughts in sad Dejection roll,
Who tremble at his awful Word.

2 Come, banish ev'ry slavish Fear,
Let Satan flee, for God is true :
Let Unbelief no more appear :
This Promise is for such as you.

3 For you that trust in Jesus' Name ;
For you that mourn your Helplessness ;
Who see your Poverty and Shame,
And all your Sins with Grief confess.

4 Jesus himself proclaims you bless'd,
His Word for ever stands secure ;
You on his Faithfulness may rest,
His Love for ever shall endure.

5 O live by Faith in Him alone,
Jesus will lead you safely through :
Believe and Hope, as well as mourn,
Himself hath taken Care for you.

6 For you he pleads his precious Blood,
For You, the Favourites of Heav'n !
Lift up your Heads, ye Sons of God !
Sing, for your Sins are all forgiv'n.

LXII.

LXII.

*Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising : Thou
understandest my Thoughts afar off. Ps. cxxxix. 2.*

- 1 **T**HOU art acquainted with my Heart,
O Thou omniscient God !
Thou knowest my ev'ry wandering Thought,
What devious Paths I've trod.
- 2 O 'tis in vain for me to try
My num'rous Faults to screen ;
No Sin escapes thy searching Eye,
Unnotic'd or unseen.
- 3 Then let me call my Follies o'er,
And mourn before the Lord,
That I have liv'd to him no more,
No more obey'd his Word.
- 4 Lord, finite the flinty Rock within,
And let my Sorrows flow ;
And while I mourn and hate my Sin,
Do Thou thy Mercy shew.
- 5 O bring a Pardon to my Hand,
A Pardon bought with Blood :
And may I never more offend,
Nor sin against my God.

LXIII.

*Let us run with Patience the Race that is set before us,
looking unto JESUS. Heb. xii. 1, 2.*

- 1 **L**ORD, can a helpless Worm, like me,
Attempt to make her Way to Thee ?
Yes,

Yes, let me raise thy Praises high,
In Weakness, Thou canst Strength supply.

- 2 'Twas by thy Grace I first begun,
Resolv'd the heavenly Race to run ;
'Tis Grace corrects me when I stray,
'Tis Grace upholds me in the Way.
- 3 Run on, my Soul, and still adore,
Receiving still, still asking more ;
In Christ thy Strength and Wisdom lies,
O look to Him with steadfast Eyes.
- 4 Look to that Blood thy Saviour shed,
Thy Daysman, dying in thy stead ;
Behold him on th' accursed Tree !
Great was the Love he bore to Thee !
- 5 He, who thus lov'd Thee unto Death,
Will love Thee to thy latest Breath ;
Keep Sight of Him, my Soul, and run,
He'll crown thee when thy Race is done.

LXIV.

Draw me, we will run after Thee. Cant. i. 4.

- 1 **L**ORD, I confess my Guilt and Shame,
Which separates my Soul from thee ;
Yet the Remembrance of thy Name
Is dear, supremely dear to me.
- 2 Break down the separating Wall,
O rid me of this earthly Mind,
My Soul would soon obey the Call,
And run and leave her Fears behind.

3 Jesus,

- 3 Jesus, allure me by thy Grace,
 Why should I grovel in the Dust?
 Thee would my Arms of Faith embrace,
 Thou art the Object of my Trust.
- 4 Draw me from Unbelief and Pride,
 From ev'ry Sin, from ev'ry Snare;
 Fain would I in thy Chambers hide,
 And banish ev'ry mortal Care.
- 5 With thee, my Lord, I would retire,
 And spend the remnant of my Days;
 Draw me, I burn with strong Desire,
 Draw me, and I will sing thy Praise.
- 6 Draw me, my Jesus, with thy Love,
 I cannot bear thine awful Frown;
 O draw my Heart and Soul above,
 And let me tread the Tempter down!

LXV.

*Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name
 give Glory. Psalm cxv. 1.*

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis enough, at length I own,
 By me no good was ever done;
 O let thy dark, mysterious Ways,
 Excite my Gratitude and Praise;
- 2 In Mercy thou hast hid thy Face,
 In Mercy too, restrain'd thy Grace
 Helpless I laid beneath the Rod,
 Nor could I speak, or think of God,
- 3 I sent the Spirit griev'd away,
 Nor could I meditate, or pray,

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Without my Teacher and my Guide,
Mourning, I laid thy Word aside.

But, O my Soul, adore the Grace,
Jesus again unveils his Face !
Glory no more in meaner Things,
In Him alone are all thy Springs.

Now I can read and pray again ;
Can contemplate, or use my Pen ;
Now I can see each heavenly Thought ;
Is by the holy *Spirit* brought.

Not unto me Reward is due,
The Work is God's, the Glory too :
Not unto me," is still my Song—
To God alone all Praise belong.

LXVI.

By Grace are ye saved. Ephes. ii. 8.

NO more of Works I vainly boast,
Nor so employ my Tongue ;
Jesus alone is all my Trust,
Free Grace my only Song.

'Twas not in me to seek his Face,
Nor did I ask his Love,
Till he by his all-powerful Grace,
First drew my Thoughts above.

My Free-will chose the beaten Road
That leads to endless Pain,
I walk'd with pleasure there, till God
Inclin'd me to refrain.

- 4 He saw me helpless and undone,
A Rebel dark and blind;
And led me to his blessed Son,
A better Way to find.
- 5 By whose rich Grace alone I stand,
Kept by his mighty Power,
Thro' which I trust e'er long to land
On the celestial Shore.
- 6 Then shall I leave all Sin's Remains,
And view his glorious Face,
And sing in more exalted Strains,
The Freedom of his Grace.

LXVII.

*The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that
was lost. Luke xix. 10.*

- 1 **W**HY, O my Soul, these gloomy Fears
Why all these Sighs, and Groans
Tears?

O why this God-dishonouring Grief?
Why all this wretched Unbelief?

- 2 Tho' helpless in myself I lie,
And lost to all Eternity,
Yet I shall triumph o'er the Grave,
Since Jesus came to seek and save.
- 3 To save poor Sinners, such as me,
To set the captive Pris'ners free,
To comfort those that mourn—to heal
The Wounds of all who Misery feel.

To save the ruin'd and undone,
 To seek the lost;—Lord, I am one!
 I see, and mourn my Guilt, with Shame,—
 To seek out such the Saviour came.

Then let my Gratitude abound,
 I once was lost, but now am found;
 I Once was dead, but now I live,
 Praise, Praise is all that I can give.

LXVIII.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain. Rev. v. 12.

ALL Glory belongs to Jesus alone,
 To Jesus the Saviour who sits on the Throne;
 To Jesus whom Angels and Seraphs adore,
 To Jesus Salvation ascribe evermore.

How worthy the Lamb on Mount *Calvary* slain,
 Who triumph'd o'er Death, and is risen again!
 How worthy of Blessing, and Glory, and Praise!
 The highest Ascriptions Archangels can raise!

All Wisdom and Honour to Jesus belongs,
 He shall have the Plaudits of ten thousand Tongues;
 Yea, infinite Numbers with Joy shall proclaim,
 Thro' Ages eternal his excellent Name.

His Mercy my Thanks and Astonishment raise,
 I cannot be silent in Jesus's Praise;
 My Soul shall adore him who bled on the Tree,
 Who laid down his Life, a Ransom for me.

While on Earth I remain I'll shew forth his Praise,
 And aim at his Honour the rest of my Days;
 And when I get home to his Mansion above,
 All Heaven shall ring with the Shouts of his Love.

LXIX.

*For God so loved the World, that he gave his
begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him
shall not perish, but have everlasting Life. John iii.*

- 1 **L**ET all the heavenly Hosts rejoice,
And let the Earth be glad;
Let Sinners sing with chearful Voice,
Let Saints no more be sad.
- 2 Sing of that boundless, matchless Grace,
That pitied helpless Man;
Adam rejoice, thy fallen Race
Are rais'd to Bliss again.
- 3 So were the Souls of Men belov'd,
(O wonder, and adore!)
That God's own Son our Curse remov'd,
When we could hope no more.
- 4 The only Darling of his Heart
Jehovah did not spare,
But gave him up to bleed and smart,
Our Punishment to bear.
- 5 What could the Lord of Glory see
In such a guilty Race,
That he should thus consent to be
The Author of our Peace?
- 6 Why for such Traitors did he bleed,
When Angels were past by?
Here let my Admiration feed,
And waite his Praises high.

7 Praise Him, ye Seraphs, round his Throne,
 Who bled upon the Tree ;
 To praise the Father and the Son,
 Let Heaven and Earth agree.

LXX.

*Let the Words of my Mouth, and the Meditations of my
 Heart, be acceptable in thy Sight, O Lord, my Strength
 and my Redeemer. Psalm xix. 14.*

1 **L**ORD, Is it not my Soul's Desire
 To honour thee in all my Ways ?
 O let thy Grace my Heart inspire,
 So shall thy Grace have all the Praise.

2 Thou know'st I'm ignorant and weak,
 Prone to prefer the thing that's that wrong;
 I often think, and often speak,
 And then reprove my Heart and Tongue.

3 Jesus, my Wisdom, make me wise,
 That I may please the God I love :
 In Thee the hidden Treasure lies,
 Teach and instruct me from above.

4 Holy in Heart I fain would be,
 Now let my Meditations spring
 And flow acceptable to thee,
 My Priest, my Prophet, and my King.

LXXI.

shall not have Dominion over you. Rom. vi. 14.

NOW let my Faith grow strong and plead
 This Promise all divine ;

G 3

This

This is indeed, A Time of Need,
With this poor Soul of mine.

2 Shew me, O God, thy smiling Face,
Nor leave me to my Foes ;
Pity my Case, And let thy Grace
My troubled Thoughts compose.

3 Hear and regard my earnest Cries,
And answer when I call ;
Jesus arise, and send Supplies,
Or I shall quickly fall.

4 Look how I groan beneath the Weight
Of Sin's oppressive Yoke,
O how I hate This Load so great,
When shall this Chain be broke ?

5 O why should Sin oppress me so,
And draw my Heart from thee ?
Lord, smite this Foe, And bid it go,
And set thy Captive free.

6 My Soul depends upon thy Word,
And pleads thy Faithfulness,
New Strength afford, my dearest Lord,
And I will praise thy Grace.

LXXII.

*Be ye angry and sin not: Let not the Sun go down
upon your Wrath. Ephes. iv. 26.*

1 O Let me lay my Anger by
And bid my Wrath be gone,
Or from it let me rather fly
Before the setting Sun.

- 2 Can Comfort in my Bosom rest,
When I in Anger speak ?
Let me with Tenderneſs be bleſt,
Lord, make me truly meek.
- 3 Left I ſhould wear a falſe Diſguiſe,
Or once malicious prove,
O make me as the Serpent wiſe,
And harmleſs as the Dove.
- 4 Still let me guard my Heart with Care,
And every Paſſion curb,
Left Pride ſhould get Dominion there,
And Sin my Peace diſturb.

LXXIII.

He fainted and wiſhed in himſelf to die, and ſaid, It is better for me to die than to live. Jonah iv. 8.

- 1 **W**HY, *Jonah*, does thine Anger riſe ?
Whence that ungrateful Frown ?
Impatience ill becomes the Wiſe ;
O why ſo fretful grown ?

- 2 What, tho' thy pleaſant Gourd is gone,
If ſo thy Maker's Will,
The Hand that rais'd and pluck'd it ſoon,
Can well defend the ſtill.

- 3 What, tho' expos'd to Storm and Wind,
Or parch'd with ſultry Heat ?
So God appoints ; be thou reſign'd,
And worſhip at his Feet.

3 My

- 4 My Soul! Thou art the *Jonah* here,
To thee alone I speak;
Alas! how little can'st Thou bear!
Why is thy Faith so weak?
- 5 Wilt thou, when tried, like him, complain,
And murmur, and rebel?
O think how light is every Pain,
Compar'd with those in Hell!
- 6 Wilt thou despise a Father's Rod,
And say "'Tis best to die?"
How canst thou think to fly from God,
Who fills Immenfity!
- 7 Ah! cease, vain wretch! repine no more,
God is supremely wise;
Believe his Love, his Grace adore,
And wipe thy weeping Eyes.
- 8 Or rather, drop an humble Tear
O'er thy unruly Will;
Look up to God for Strength to bear,
And he'll support thee still.

LXXIV.

How shall we sing the Lord's Song in a strange Land?
Psalm cxxxvii. 4.

- 1 **U**NFERTILE, intricate, and strange,
Is this World's Wilderness,
Where Woes unnumber'd take their Range,
And Sin, and sad Distress.

2 My

- 2 My Harp is on the Willows hung,
My Soul opprest with Fear,
How then can Zion's Song be sung,
In Strains melodious here?
- 3 Led captive by the Law of Sin,
I groan beneath its Yoke,
Nor can I reach to Things divine,
Till this vast Chain is broke.
- 4 Where can a captive Pris'ner flee,
In Bondage and Exile?
Earth is a Prison, Lord, to me,
When Thou refuse to Smile.
- 5 How can I raise my Thoughts above,
Or bow this stubborn Will?
How can I sing of Jesus' Love,
If Thou his Love conceal?
- 6 While I in Grief and Fears complain,
And think thine Absence long;
Satan insults me with Disdain,
And asks me for a Song.
- 7 Help, Lord, nor let thy Grace delay,
I trust alone in Thee;
O drive the Troops of Hell away
And set Thy Pris'ner free.
- 8 Jesus, unloose my stamm'ring Tongue,
And then I'll raise my Voice:
Glory to God shall be my Song,
While all my Powers rejoice,

LXXV.

Complaining of Spiritual Desertion.

- 1 **W**HAT ails this vile, deceitful Heart,
Why do I thus from God depart?
O how unstable do I prove!
How false and fickle is my Love!
- 2 Wretched, I wander from the Lord,
His Ways neglect, and slight his Word,
Let Sin and Vanity invade,
And break the solemn Vows I made.
- 3 Sure none are so defil'd with Sin;
None so unholy and unclean!
O'ercome by Pride and every Ill,
Viler I grow, and viler still.
- 4 In sad Desertion now I mourn—
The Lord, my Comforter is gone!
Offended—Griev'd—He hides his Face:
Nor can I see one Glimpse of Grace.
- 5 My Mind what Clouds of Darkness veil,
Terrors on ev'ry Side assail;
By Guilt oppress'd, enslav'd by Fear,
My Thoughts run out to meet Despair.
- 6 And must I here desponding lie?
Why do I not for Mercy cry?
Forgive my Sin, thou God of Grace,
For Jesus' Sake, unveil thy Face!
- 7 Unworthy of the smallest Good,
I plead a worthy Saviour's Blood;

On

On Him alone my Hopes depend,
My Surety, Advocate, and Friend :

- 8 His Blood can cleanse my Soul anew,
His Power can all my Sins subdue ;
Behold Him, Lord, and set me free,
That I may live alone to Thee.

LXXVI.

*O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come
even to his Seat ; I would order my Cause before him,
and fill my Mouth with Arguments. Job xxiii. 3, 4.*

- 1 I Languish for a Sight
Of Him who reigns on high,
Jesus, my Soul's supreme Delight,
For Him alone I sigh.

- 2 O that I knew the Place,
Where I might find my God,
And make the Arms of his Embrace
My Soul's secure Abode !

- 3 Near to his Mercy's Seat,
Where Grace triumphant reigns,
I'd come and worship at his Feet,
And tell him all my Pains.

- 4 The Arguments I'd use,
My Troubles shall suggest ;
Nor can my blessed Lord refuse
The Cause of the Distress'd.

- 5 O Jesus, bring me near,
New Life, new Strength impart,
Banish at once my slavish Fear,
And dwell within my Heart.

LXXVII.

Never Man spake like this Man. John vii. 46.

- 1 **N**O Man, nor Angel, can compare
With our Almighty Lord;
To speak like him what Seraph dare,
Or imitate his Word?
- 2 Who can command the Dead to rise,
With a prevailing Power?
Who can pour Light on sightless Eyes?
The Sick to Health restore?
- 3 Whose Word can Fiends infernal tame?
Or furious Winds controul;
Unstop Deaf Ears—or cure the Lame—
Or make the Wounded whole?
- 4 One Word from Jesus this performs,
And proves his Power divine;
His Breath can still the roughest Storms,
Leviathan confine!
- 5 None else could expiate my Guilt,
Nor save one Soul from Hell,
Not all the Blood of Mortals spilt
Since our first Parents fell.
- 6 Jesus for *me* fulfill'd the Law,
And Justice satisfied;
My Guilt and Misery He saw,
And for my Ransom died.
- 7 Love such as His can ne'er be found,
His Grace is rich indeed;
Such Words as his there's none can sound,
Nor do as Jesus did.

LXXVIII.

*I will love the Lord, because he hath heard my Voice,
and my Supplications. Psalm cxvi. 1.*

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, my dearest Lord,
For Thou hast heard my mournful Cries,
My Soul shall live upon thy Word,
For Thou hast sent me fresh Supplies.
- 2 When I was overwhelm'd with Grief,
Mourning I sought Thee all in Tears,
And Thou hast been my sure Relief,
And Thou hast sweetly calm'd my Fears.
- 3 Why, O my God, why should'st Thou be
To me so infinitely kind?
Why such Regard—such Love to me?
The Reason, Lord, I fain would find.
- 4 'Tis to exalt thy sov'reign Grace,
Thy Condescension and thy Care;
To lay me low before thy Face;
That I thy Goodness might declare.
- 5 O may thy Love be still my Song,
Thy Honour be my sole Employ,
Jesus, whilst Thou my Life prolong,
Till I in Heaven my God enjoy.

LXXIX.

The Upright love Thee. Cant. i. 4.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy Love is still my Theme,
O let me love Thee all my Days!
Worthy art Thou of my Esteem,
Worthy of all my highest Praise.

2 All upright Souls thy Praise proclaim,
 And I'm a Sharer in their Joy ;
 O did the World but know thy Name,
 Thy Praise would all the World employ.

3 They'd scorn to mingle with the Dust,
 And leave their Saviour far behind,
 They'd soon assemble with the Just,
 And strive THEIR Happiness to find.

4 But, Lord, I sink with conscious Shame,
 My Love is far below my Will ;
 Quicken this Evangelic Flame,
 And let it burn more lively still.

5 Jesus, whom I adore and love,
 Increase my Faith and every Grace,
 Till I with all thy Saints above
 Behold the Beauties of thy Face.

LXXX.

*I will remember the Works of the Lord, surely I will
 remember thy Wonders of old. Psalm lxxvii. 11.*

1 **A**WAY, my Doubts, be gone, my Fear,
 The Wonders of the Lord appear,
 The Wonders that my Saviour wrought ;
 O how delightful is the Thought !

2 The Wonders of Redeeming Love,
 When first my Heart was drawn above ;
 When first I saw my Saviour's Face,
 And triumph'd in his pard'ning Grace.

3 Pursue,

- 3 Pursue, my Thoughts, this pleasing Theme,
'Twas not a Fancy nor a Dream;
'Twas Grace descending from the Skies,
And shall be marv'lous in my Eyes.
- 4 Long had I mourn'd, like one forgot,
Long had my Soul for Comfort sought,
Jesus was Witness to my Tears,
And Jesus sweetly calm'd my Fears.
- 5 He cleans'd my Soul—He chang'd my Dress,
And cloth'd me with his Righteousness:
He spoke at once my Sins forgiven,
And I rejoic'd as if in Heaven.
- 6 How was I struck with sweet Surprise,
While Glory shone before my Eyes!
How did I sing from Day to Day,
And wish'd to sing my Soul away!
- 7 The World with all its Pomp withdrew,
'Twas less than nothing in my View;
Redeeming Love was all my Theme,
And Life appear'd an idle Dream.
- 8 I gloried in my Saviour's Grace;
I sang my great Redeemer's Praise;
My Soul now long'd to soar away,
And leave her Tenement of Clay.
- 9 The Powers of Hell in vain combin'd
To tempt or interrupt my Mind;
I saw, and sang in joyful Strains,
The Monster Satan held in Chains.

- 10 These are the Wonders I record,
The marv'lous Goodness of the Lord;
O for a Tongue to speak his Praise,
To tell the Triumphs of his Grace!

LXXXI.

Who is this that cometh from Edom? With dyed Garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in his Apparel, travelling in the Greatness of his Strength?
Isaiah lxiii. 1.

- 1 **W**HO is this heavenly Person, who
In Garments dyed methinks I see,
That comes from *Edom*, drest in Woe,
That comes from *Bozrah* unto me?
- 2 Glory his Blood-stain'd Robe adorns,
His Body torn with Stripes severe,
His sacred Head beset with Thorns,
His Soul in Agonies appear.
- 3 'Tis my Redeemer, from above,
Jesus, the Saviour; yes, tis He:
Great is his Strength, and great his Love—
He groan'd, He bled, He died for me.
- 4 New Life his Blood and Wounds afford,
My Sins have made his Sorrows bleed,
I'll go and meet my dearest Lord,
And tell him how I hate the Deed.
- 5 His dying Love my Soul constrains,
While thus I view his Sufferings o'er,
To hate the Cause of all his Pains,
To love his Precepts more and more.

- 6 Now I'm engag'd by sacred Tyes,
 I charge my Heart no more to stray
 From Him who dwells above the Skies,
 Nor grieve, nor tempt my Lord away.

LXXXII.

*counsel thee to buy of me Gold, tried in the Fire, that
 thou mayest be rich; and white Raiment that thou
 mayest be clothed; and anoint thine Eyes with Eye-
 salve, that thou mayest see. Rev. iii. 18.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my Soul, to Jesus fly,
 And cast thy Fears away;
 He will thine every Want supply,
 Make haste, no longer stay.
- 2 Look how he stands, and smiles to give
 His Glory and his Grace;
 He counsels Sinners to receive
 His Robe of Righteousness.
- 3 Jesus the purest Gold appoints
 T' enrich the humble Poor;
 Who with his heavenly Salve anoints
 In Darkness walks no more.
- 4 Ye drooping Souls that seek the Lord,
 Take Courage and believe,
 For God is Faithful to his Word,
 Great Grace you shall receive.

- 5 The wretched, destitute, and blind,
Are those whom Christ invite,
A Friend in Him they're sure to find,
Whose Power is infinite.

LXXXIII.

Longing for Public Worship.

*My Soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the Courts of
the Lord. Psalm lxxxiv. 2.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how restless is my Mind!
Pensive I lie from Day to Day,
And loth to be so much confin'd,
I sigh my lonely Hours away.
- 2 'Tis for thy Courts, O Lord, I long;
When shall I in thy House appear?
When shall I join the waiting Throng,
And mix in humble Worship there?
- 3 I'd praise thee for the meanest Place,
To stand as Waiter at thy Gate;
Could I but there behold thy Face,
I'd think the Favour truly great.
- 4 I long to tread that happy Ground,
Where oft my Soul has richly fed;
To hear the Gospel's joyful Sound,
To taste substantial, Living Bread.
- 5 There have I often left my Fears,
When I have gone o'erwhelm'd with Grief;
There have I left my Wants and Cares,
And in returning, sung Relief.

6 But now I'm left at Home to mourn,
 While in thy Courts thy Saints rejoice;
 I pass my Sabbaths quite alone,
 In sad Complaints I spend my Voice.

7 Jesus, do thou my Strength renew;
 Remove my Weakness, heal my Pain;
 That I may serve and praise Thee too,
 O bring me to thy House again!

8 O bring Thyself thy Graces near,
 And teach my Soul to wait thy Will;
 Then shall I serve and praise Thee here,
 And own Thee just and righteous still.

LXXXIV.

Going to the Lord's Supper, after long Confinement.

1 **W**HERE shall I go but to my Lord,
 Who bled and died that I might live?
 O let me now attend his Word,
 He has Eternal Life to give.

2 Come, blessed Spirit and confine
 My Meditations on his Love;
 That I may sing of Grace divine,
 And worship Him like those above.

3 My Thoughts from trifling Objects turn,
 Give me the Conquest over Pride;
 O may I look on Him, and mourn!
 For Him I pierc'd and crucified.

O for

- 4 O for the Eye of Faith, to see
 My Saviour in his Priestly Dress;
 As hanging on th' accursed Tree,
 To work my Robe of Righteousness.
- 5 Enter, my Soul, his Gates with Praise,
 And thankfully adore his Name,
 Whose Mercy lengthens out thy Days,
 Whose Love to thee is still the same.

LXXXV.

There is at Jerusalem a Pool which is called Bethesda
John v. 2.

- 1 O Could I to Jerus'lem go,
 And reach Bethesda's Pool,
 There the afflicted left their Woe,
 The wounded were made whole!
- 2 In vain my wretched Unbelief
 Might thus for ever sigh;
 Christ is the Source of all Relief,
 That Source is ever nigh.
- 3 See how his Blood divinely flow,
 How plentiful and pure;
 I need not to Jerus'lem go,
 To seek a better Cure.
- 4 Here is a Fountain deep and wide,
 A Fountain rich and free;
 With healing Virtue well supplied,
 For Sinners such as me.

Now

5 Now let me rise and praise his Name,
And plunge into this Flood ;
I need not wash in *Jordan's* Stream,
While here are Streams of Blood.

6 This is a Pool of high Renown,
Its Virtue is most sure ;
Come, Sinners, plunge directly down,
Receive an instant Cure.

LXXXVI.

Prepare to meet thy GOD. Amos iv. 12.

1 **M**Y Life declines, my Strength is gone,
Disease and Pains prevail;
Death threatens to arrest me soon,
My Heart and Flesh doth fail.

2 Soon must I leave this Body here,
Soon must my Soul away ;
O awful Thought ! My Soul, Prepare
For that tremendous Day !

3 Soon must I pass the solemn Test,
How soon, my Judge can tell !
When He with Smiles shall call me blest,
Or frown me down to Hell.

4 O how shall I prepare my Heart,
Eternal Life to gain !
JESUS, thy Grace, thy Strength impart,
Or all I do is vain.

5 I cannot for one Sin atone—
I swell with Pride no more :

All

Now

All the best Duties I have done,
I've reason to deplore.

- 6 JESUS, on Thee alone I lean,
Do Thou my Soul prepare ;
O cleanse my Heart from every Sin,
And fix thy Dwelling there.
- 7 Renew'd and justified by Grace,
Complete I then shall stand,
Before th' almighty Father's Face,
When he my Life demand.

LXXXVII.

I lothe it, I would not live always. Job vii. 16

1 **W**HEN will my sweet Release be sign'd,
To quit this House of Clay ?
When shall my Spirit, unconfin'd,
To Glory wing her way ?

2 O how I lothe this mortal Life,
I hate this slavish Fear ;
I long to end this tedious strife
With Sin and Sorrow here.

3 I long to see a smiling God,
In everlasting Light ;
When shall I reach his blest Abode,
And gain th' inraptur'd Sight ?

4 My towring Thoughts disdain to roll
Amongst these earthly Toys ;
Jesus is dearer to my Soul
Than Life with all its Joys.

5 Make

Maste haste, my Days, fly faster still,
 And bring me to the Place,
 To that delightful, holy Hill,
 Where Jesus shews his Face.

Why am I chain'd to Earth so long,
 Expos'd to every Snare?
 When shall I join the heavenly Throng,
 And dwell forever there?

LXXXVIII.

*at I had Wings like a Dove, for then would I fly
 away, and be at rest. Psalm lv. 6.*

OF Rest I hear, of Rest I talk,
 But Rest I cannot see;
 O how laborious is my Work!
 Earth has no Rest for me.

Hard do I toil with Sins and Woes,
 With Unbelief and Fears;
 Satan doth all my Work oppose,
 My Couch is wet with Tears.

Weary with Watchfulness I mourn,
 And long to be away,
 Were I, like Doves, on Pinions borne,
 I'd fly without Delay.

I'd mount above this earthly Ball,
 And make my Way to God;
 Fain would I rest my weary Soul
 In his supreme Abode.

5 But

- 5 But why, Impatience, dost thou rise?
Depart, thou Source of Ill!
Why should I fly and cleave the Skies,
Before my Father's Will?
- 6 What if on Earth I yet must dwell,
If Jesus is but near,
Chearful I'll fight with Sin and Hell,
And overcome my Fear.
- 7 No Harm can come beyond the Bounds
Which his own Hands have set;
My Soul shall hide beneath his Wounds,
And find a safe Retreat.

LXXXIX.

Longing to be Dissolved.

- 1 O What a vain and empty World is this!
And must I travel on this barren Ground
It can afford no true, substantial Bliss;
Nothing but Sin and Sorrow's to be found.
- 2 How little do I here enjoy of God!
At Dissolution I could now rejoice;
I long to leave this gloomy, dark Abode,
And bid farewell to Earth and all its Noise.
- 3 Fain would I sing "Farewel vain World, Adieu
"Farewel to all the Allurements to Sin:
"Farewel my Friends!—A short Farewel to Ye
"We part awhile—but soon shall meet again.
- 4 "Farewel

Farewel to Pains, to Weakness, and to Care ;
 Farewel Reproach, and Poverty, and Shame ;
 Farewel to Sickness, Misery, and Tears ;
 Farewel Revilers of my worthless Name."

me Death—Thou welcome Messenger appear,
 I would embrace thee with extended Arms ;
 Untie the filken Bands that hold me here,
 Instead of Horror thou shalt come with Charms.

Sin is pardon'd, and thy Sting is gone,
 Singing the Vict'ry—thro' my Saviour's Blood :
 No longer I pant for my celestial Crown ;
 O when shall I appear before my God !

XC.

Longing for Glory.

HASTE that delightful—awful Day,
 When this my Soul shall leave her Clay,
 Mount up, and make her last Remove,
 And join the Church of Christ above.

Fain World ! What are your Toys to me ?
 'Tis Jesus that I want to see.
 I leave my Friends, my Life, my all,
 And thus address this earthly Ball :

Farewel, no more I tread your Ground,
 No more I need the Gospel Sound ;
 My Feet have reach'd the heavenly Shore,
 I know no Imperfection more.

Let Friends no more my Sufferings mourn,
 Nor view my Relicks with Concern ;

" O cease to drop the pitying Tear,
 " I'm got beyond the Reach of Fear.

5 Through Tribulation sharp and long,
 I'm brought to join the sinless Throng;
 Glory to God for every Woe,
 For every Pain I felt below.

6 All Glory to the Lamb of God,
 My Robes are spotless through his Blood
 'Tis through his free and sov'reign Grace
 I now behold his blissful Face.

7 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 In Glory infinite to reign;
 To Him unceasing Praise be given,
 By all on Earth, and all in Heaven.

XCI.

1 **N**OW have I spent in Sighs and Tears
 A tedious Series of Years;
 Oft have I fought a kind Release,
 But ah! my Sorrows still increase.

2 Through my whole Frame my Weakness
 Sickness and Pain increasing too,
 Troubles on every side await,
 And Woes insuperably great.

3 Where is the Pity of a God?
 See, how I groan beneath his Rod!
 How long will he in Wrath chastise,
 And disregard my mournful Cries?

4 Opprest, impatient, lo! I cry,
 And wish, and pray, and long to die;

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When wilt thou, Death, these Eyelids close,
And set me free from all my Woes ?

Thus did my discontented Heart
From God, thro' Unbelief depart ;
Jesus, my Shepherd saw me stray,
And drew my Thoughts a different Way.

Why do I droop, and pine, and faint ?
Why, O my Soul, this rash Complaint ?
Be still, lest thou the Lord provoke,
And urge from Him a heavier Stroke.

Shall one so vile as I complain ?
That deserve eternal Pain ?
Shall I arraign th' Almighty here,
And charge Him with a Hand severe ?

No: 'tis in Mercy now I see
Each Woe is sent that troubles me ;
Tis for some good, some gracious End,
Tis from my Father and my Friend.

Tis He,—The infinitely good,
The great, the just, the holy God !
Peace, then, my Soul ! thy Grief remove,
Thine is a God of Truth and Love.

Is this his Way to purge my Dross ?
Then let me welcome every Cross !
Let Unbelief no more repine,
Nor spurn at Goodness so divine.

With Shame I wipe away my Tears,
And cast on God my Grief and Fears ;
My Soul lies prostrate in the Dust,
And owns that all his Ways are just.

XCII.

I am afflicted and ready to die from my Youth
Psalms lxxxviii. 15.

- 1 **H**OW are my Powers all tun'd to mourn
 O'er my afflicted Lot !
 Up from my Youth my Health is gone,
 And Pleasure is forgot.
- 2 How are my blooming Years disgrac'd
 With Pains and heavy Cares !
 How is my Sprightliness defac'd
 With Sighs, and Groans, and Tears !
- 3 How is my Envy prone to rise
 When I the healthy view ;
 How do I raise my plaintive Cries,
 And wish for Soundness too.
- 4 If all the Earth could be my Lot,
 With all its glittering Wealth,
 I'd not with-hold the smallest Spot,
 But give it all for Health.
- 5 If Gold could but my Health restore,
 And set me free from Pain,
 I'd beg the Boon from Door to Door,
 And purchase Health again.
- 6 But where is now my humble Trust
 In God's Almighty Voice ?
 Why do I think of yellow Dust,
 Which often Health destroys ?

How vain are all the Drugs and Skill
Of great Physicians here !
If God denies a Blessing still,
I languish in their Care.

Jesus, with whom Compassions dwell,
And Power to wound and heal,
Speak Thou the Word, and I am well,
Distress no more I feel.

Speak, Lord, and Thou shalt have the Praise,
In Mercy set me free ;
So shall the Remnant of my Days
Be spent alone to Thee.

XCIII.

Lord, I am oppressed, Undertake for me !
Isaiah xxxviii. 14.

JESUS, my Advocate and King,
Of Power omnipotent possést,
To Thee my every Woe I bring,
Who undertakes for Souls oppress'd.

Lord, I'm oppress'd with Pains and Cares,
Oppress'd with Sin, oppress'd with Grief,
Oppress'd with Unbelief and Fears,
O undertake to send Relief.

My Heart is hard and stubborn still,
Foolish and vain my Thoughts arise ;
Condescend to bow my Will,
O undertake to make me wise.

- 4 Great Mediator, now appear,
 Let me thy full Salvation know ;
 O manifest thy Power here,
 And lay me at thy Footstool low.
- 5 Jesus, I leave my Cause with Thee,
 Plead thy dear Wounds before the Throne
 O interceed with God for me,
 And shower these needful Blessings down.

XCIV.

*O my God, I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my Face
 to Thee. Ezra ix. 6.*

- 1 **L**ET me lie prostrate on the Ground,
 And veil my blushing Face,
 So deep, so dreadful is my Wound,
 I seek a hiding Place.
- 2 'Twas Sin that made this Wound in me,
 Then let me hate its Name ;
 'Twas Sin, O whither shall I flee ?
 I lie confus'd in Shame.
- 3 Asham'd to lift my Face to God,
 So great my Crimes appear :
 I dread the Vengeance of his Rod,
 His furious Wrath I fear.
- 4 What am I in Jehovah's Hand ?
 The sacred Page will tell :
 He can at once my Soul demand,
 And sink it down to Hell.

- 5 Well may I tremble at his Power,
 He's holy, just, and wise :
 Why has he spared me to this Hour,
 Whose Guilt for Vengeance cries ?
- 6 Let his long-suffering Love, and Grace,
 Each grateful Thought employ,
 Which far more Willingness displays
 To save, than to destroy.
- 7 Jesus yet stands before the Throne,
 And pleads for Sinners there ;
 Then let me lean on Him alone,
 Till He subdues my Fear.
- 8 By Faith in Him I'll now presume
 To lift my Eyes to Heaven ;
 He will my secret groans perfume,
 And shew my Sins forgiven.

XCV.

I will speak in the Bitterness of my Soul. Job x. 1.

- 1 **I**N this extreme Distress of Soul,
 How can I but complain !
 I can no more my Speech controul,
 No more from Tears refrain.
- 2 Great is my Anguish, deep my Grief,
 O whither shall I flee ?
 Far is my Soul from all Relief,
 No Help on Earth I see.
- 3 My Spirits and my Strength are gone,
 And I from Day to Day

Sit

Sit quite disconsolate alone,
And sigh my Hours away.

4 O grievous Lot! O heavy Woe!
Must I this Cross sustain
So long as I a Feeling know,
So long as Life remain?

5 Why do my Sorrows yet increase,
And flow on every Side?
Why is my Soul depriv'd of Peace?
Of Comfort why denied?

6 Why am I chasten'd every Day?
My Nights why spent in Pain?
Why should Deliverance longer stay?
Are all my Prayers vain?

7 Why so mysterious are thy Ways,
And dreadful in my Sight?
Shew me, that I may list thy Praise,
And serve thee with Delight.

8 O chase this Darknefs from my Mind,
And raise my Thoughts above,
That I may full Salvation find,
And celebrate thy Love.

XCVI.

Surely I am more brutish than any. Prov. xxx. 2.

1 **B**RING all the brutish and unwise,
Who neither know nor love
That God who made the Earth and Skies,
Who reigns supreme above.

- 2 Set forth their base Ingratitude
In all its blackest Hue,
I'd mingle with this hateful Brood,
As vilest of the Crew.
- 3 Alas ! They never, never felt
The Power of quick'ning Grace ;
They never saw their Nature's Guilt,
Nor felt their Helplessness.
- 4 They ne'er enjoy'd a SAVIOUR's Love ;
They ne'er convers'd with Heaven ;
Ne'er heard JEHOVAH from above
Pronounce their Sins forgiven.
- 5 But I these Mercies have enjoy'd
In Wisdom's sacred Ways :
Then how were all my Powers employ'd
In grateful Strains of Praise !
- 6 Jesus, I knew, endur'd my Shame
Upon th' accursed Tree,
How did I venerate his Name
Who suffer'd there for me !
- 7 My Heart awhile with Ardor burn'd,
The Grace I could not hide,
Yet I to Sin again return'd,
And all his Work denied.
- 8 Now let me take the lowest Place,
And chide my brutish Heart,
Which thus abus'd the richest Grace
That Mercy could impart.
- 9 Here is Ingratitude, indeed,
In all its deepest Stains ;

Here

Here let my Sorrows ever feed,
While Life and Breath remains.

- 10 Yes, I'll repent, till Jesus smile
And shews my Sins forgiven ;
I'll mourn Ingratitude so vile—
If possible—in Heaven.

XCVII.

Hide me under the Shadow of thy Wings. Ps. xvii. 8.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Hiding-place Thou art,
My Rock, my Refuge, and my All,
My Mis'ries swell, O take my Part ;
In Mercy save me, or I fall.
- 2 My Soul is overwhelm'd with Grief,
My Heart with Sorrows well nigh broke ;
Haste and appoint some kind Relief,
Or I must die beneath the Stroke,
- 3 Pity my Weakness, O my God,
My Woes unable to sustain ;
Lighten the great, the heavy Load,
And mix some Pleasure with my Pain.
- 4 Leave not my drooping Soul alone.
Lest I dishonour thy great Name ;
Lest Satan mock my doleful Moan,
And laugh exulting o'er my Shame.
- 5 Hide me, I tremble at thy Power,
I Fear thy Rod, thou King of Kings,
Hide me, till all thy Wrath is o'er—
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings.

XCVIII.

XCVIII

He will regard the Prayer of the Destitute.

Pfalm cii. 17.

- 1 **H**OW suitable this Word to me,
A destitute, distressed Worm!
Lord, I will make my Moan to thee;
Do Thou thy Promise now perform.
- 2 Hear me, for I am destitute,
Oppress'd with Grief and heavy Woes;
Do not despise my humble Suit,
For I in Thee my Trust repose.
- 3 I can to none but Thee complain,
O let thy Faithfulness appear;
Look with Compassion on my Pain,
And bring thy tender Mercies near.
- 4 Regard me in my low Estate,
Perplex'd and griev'd on ev'ry Side,
Helpless and poor, my Wants are great,
Let them by Thee be all supplied,
- 5 On Thee alone for Help I call,
I'd trust an arm of Flesh no more;
Fain would I make my God my all,
But Thou, my God, must give the Power,
- 6 O let thy Spirit now descend,
And work a stronger Faith within;
Be Thou my Father and my Friend,
And now eternal Life bring in.

XCIX.

XCIX

Let the Sighing of the Prisoners come before Thee.

Psalm lxxix. 11.

- 1 **T**O Thee, my God, I make my moan,
Lend Thou a gracious Ear;
Let every Sigh, let every Groan,
Before thy Throne appear.
- 2 For Friends my Sorrows swell too high,
My Woes they cannot bear;
Helpless and destitute I lie,
Expos'd to every Snare.
- 3 Whilst Thou, O Lord, my Soul forsake,
I must indulge my Grief;
O let my Heart with Sorrow break,
So I may gain Relief.
- 4 If here I must not see thy Face.
Be Life no longer given;
Fjnish at once thy work of Grace,
And take me up to Heaven.
- 5 Haste, Lord, my Soul is all distress'd,
Distracting Fears arise;
O let thy Bosom be my Rest,
No other can suffice.
- 6 Come, O my dear Redeemer, come,
How tedious is thy Stay!
I long till Thou shalt take me home,
And send my Fears away.

C.

*Turn Thee unto me, and have Mercy upon me, for I am
desolate and afflicted. Psalm xxv. 16.*

1 **O** God, how mournful is my Case !
How high my Sorrows rise !

Shew me again thy smiling Face,
And hear my doleful Cries.

2 How great my Weakness and my Pain,
How far from all Relief !

No Friend to hear my Soul complain,
Or mitigate my Grief.

3 Near to the Gate of Death I lie,
And fear to enter in:

Hear me, O God, before I die,
And cheer my Soul again.

4 Doth God in Wrath my Soul abhor ?
Why am I thus distressed ?

For Jesus' sake, thy Hand withdraw,
And give my Spirit rest.

5 Turn unto me thy gracious Eye,
O thou eternal God !

Before I faint, before I die

Beneath thy chast'ning Rod.

6 While o'er thy fainting, dying Dust,
The rising Billows roll,

Help me to make thy Name my Trust,
And cheer my drooping Soul.

K

7 While

C.

- 7 While I exert my feeble Powers,
And fend my Groans above,
Lighten, O Lord, my gloomy Hours,
With thy forgiving Love.

CI.

*I would seek unto God, and unto God would I come
my Cause, which doeth great Things, and unscar-*
able ; marvellous Things without Number.

Job v. 8, 9.

- 1 **T**O God I'd seek in each Distress,
To God I'd find a near Access ;
He has an Arm which can sustain,
And he allows me to complain.

- 2 He never gave my Soul a Charge,
Not on my Sorrows to enlarge ;
He bids me bring my Troubles near,
And speak without Reserve, or Fear.

- 3 Welcome I am in ev'ry Case
To meet Him at his Throne of Grace ;
He will not one Complaint oppose,
Nor tire while I repeat my Woes.

- 4 O for a supplicating Frame,
For stronger Faith in Jesus' Name !
Lord, take each Obstacle away,
My Soul would now, in earnest, pray.

5 'Tw

5 'Twas from thine Hand my Trials came,
Thine Hand can soon remove the same ;
Thou art a Wonder-working God,
And Faithfulness attends thy Rod.

6 Thou dost what none can imitate,
Things as unsearchable as great :
Thy marvellous, mysterious Ways
Transcend, while they demand all Praise.

CII.

*The Cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not
drink it. John xviii. 11.*

1 **I**S this unpleasant Cup now given
By Thee, my Father, Lord of Heaven?
O let me then in Silence stand,
And meekly take it at thine Hand.

2 If Thou wilt help me to believe,
I can this bitter Draught receive ;
Tho' mix'd with Wormwood and with Gall,
My Soul in Faith can drink it all.

3 Thou know'st I am but feeble Dust
Too apt thy Goodness to mistrust ;
But let not Darkness veil my Mind,
Let me not think my God unkind.

4 Still, Saviour, let me see thy Face,
And rest my Soul in thine Embrace,
Send down fresh Cordials from above,
And mix this Woe with Signs of Love.

- 5 Dost Thou not bear thy Children's Grief?
 Then I from Thee shall gain Relief;
 Yes, by thy Grace and Love divine,
 Tho' all unworthy, I am thine.
- 6 Vengeance is not prepar'd for me,
 My Cup of Wrath was drank by Thee;
 O let my Soul forbear to frown,
 And drink this milder Mixture down.
- 7 Lord, while its bitter Flavor last,
 Let thy rich Love be my Repast;
 Oft as the Taste return again,
 Let heavenly Joy absorb the Pain.

CIII.

*Why art thou cast down, O my Soul, and why art thou
 disquieted within me : Hope thou in God, for I shall
 yet praise Him. Psalm xlii. 11.*

- 1 **W**HY thus cast down, my Soul?
 Why dost thou yield to Fear?
 And ponder o'er the Roll
 Of Guilt and Darkness here?
 Shake off thy Grief
 And soar above,
 There's sure Relief
 In sov'reign Love.
- 2 Why do I thus complain,
 And bow my drooping Head?
 Cheer up my Soul again,
 Thy Saviour is not dead:

Jesus,

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Jesus thy Lord,
Is still the same,
Believe his Word,
And trust his Name.

3 What, tho' he hides his Face,
Nor will one Smile afford,
Thou yet mayst plead his Grace,
And venture on his Word :
Still all thy Trust
On Him repose,
And own Him just
In all thy Woes.

4 Why should distressing Thoughts,
Why should distracting Cares,
Still aggravate thy Faults,
And urge thy flowing Tears ?
No longer fight
Against his Rod ;
But still delight
And hope in God.

CIV.

Will the Lord cast off for ever, and will he be favourable no more. Psalm lxxvii. 7.

1 JESUS, when I can see thy Face,
And feel the Influence of thy Grace,
I can all outward Woes sustain,
And own Thee just in ev'ry Pain.

K 3

2 But

- 2 But, O how high my Sorrows rise,
How sad, how doleful are my Cries,
How insupportable my Smart,
When Thou refuse to chear my Heart!
- 3 The Frowns of Friends whom I revere,
May cause my Eyes to drop a Tear :
But the Displeasure of my God
Proves to my Soul the sharpest Rod.
- 4 Lord, wherefore dost Thou hide thy Face
Why dost Thou still with-hold thy Grace!
I ask—while I my Sins deplore,
Is Mercy gone for evermore ?
- 5 Will God no more regard my Woes ?
No more sustain ? No more compose ?
What !—am I from his Presence drove ?
No more to taste or feel his Love ?
- 6 Jesus, I still resolve, by Grace,
To trust thy Word, and seek thy Face,
Low at thy Feet I'll plead thy Care,
And if I must, I'll perish there.

CV.

Chastened and not killed. 2 Cor. vi. 9.

- 1 CHASTEN'D I am from Day to Day,
From Year to Year I groan ;
When will my Troubles cease, or stay ?
When will my Griefs be gone ?

2 Such

- 2 Such Pain and Sickness wastes my Strength,
Such Weakness bows me down ;
My Spirit dreads the tedious Length,
As Morn or Night comes on.
- 3 Anxious I wish with sad Concern
To end these gloomy Days ;
When will my Lord again return,
And fill my Mouth with Praise ?
- 4 In Faithfulness hath He not said
He will not always chide ;
Then let me raise my drooping Head,
And in his Word confide.
- 5 He will in Mercy yet return,
Tho' now he hides his Face :
I shall not always chasten'd mourn,
His Word insures my Peace.
- 6 My suffering Time will soon be o'er,
Soon shall my Soul away ;
Then shall I sigh and sin no more,
But sing thro' endless Day.

CVI.

*He restoreth my Soul, he leadeth me in the Paths of
Righteousness. Psalm xxiii. 3.*

- 1 **N**OW shall my Soul adore the Grace,
And sing the Wonders of that Love,
Which bid me seek Jehovah's Face,
Which first allur'd my Thoughts above.
- 2 Lord,

- 2 Lord I confess my wandering Ways,
And chide my vile backsliding Heart,
I mingle Grief with humble Praise,
And mourn my Sins with inward Smart.
- 3 Thy pard'ning Mercy I embrace,
And waft ten thousand Thanks above,
Rejoicing in restoring Grace,
Triumphant in recovering Love.
- 4 To Thee, thou holy, just, and true,
(Rais'd from the Borders of the Grave)
I dedicate myself anew,
And testify thy Power to save.
- 5 The Paths of Righteousness I'll tread,
So long as Life to me is given :
Jesus will help in every Need,
Till thro' his Love I enter Heaven.
- 6 Then, when I reach those blissful Plains
Where Seraphs vie to shout his Praise,
I too in their exalted Strains,
Forever shall extol his Grace.

CVII.

*He maketh me to lie down in green Pastures, he leadeth
me beside the still Waters, Psalm xxiii. 2.*

- 1 JESUS, my mourning Soul doth lead,
And tells me where my Faith must feed:
Strait I behold his Love divine,
And hear him whisper, "I AM THINE."

2 "I am

- 2 " I am thy Rock, thy Hiding-place,
 " Come view the Riches of my Grace —
 " On me I took thy Guilt and Shame,
 " Obey'd and suffer'd in thy Name.
- 3 "'Twas for thy Sins,—it was for Thee
 " I hung upon the accursed Tree :
 " Come, feast upon my bleeding Love,
 " And let my Grace thy Grief remove."
- 4 My Mourning now shall turn to Praise,
 I'll sing the Wonders of his Grace ;
 Awake my Soul, and Heart, and Tongue,
 Praise Him to whom all Praise belong.
- 5 How sweet the Pastures where I rove !
 How rich the Fruits of Jesu's Love !
 Here would my Soul for ever stay,
 No more, my Shepherd, let me stray.
- 6 Lord, let me never change my Place,
 Till I behold Thee Face to Face ;
 And when I join the sinless Throng,
 Wonder and Love shall tune my Song.

CVIII.

I bear in my Body the Marks of the Lord Jesus.

Gal. vi. 17.

- 1 **T**HO' I of Sinners am the chief,
 Marks I sustain of Jesu's Grief ;
 To His my Woes some likeness bear,
 And in his Sufferings I share.

2 Did

- 2 Was He in Grief forsook by all,
Contemn'd and scorn'd by Great and Small?
I too in silent Sadness mourn,
Revil'd, despis'd, and left alone.
- 3 Did he in Poverty appear?
This is a Badge I daily wear:
Did Persecution Him pursue?
Behold, I'm persecuted too.
- 4 Did he for Sins on others found
Receive a deep, a mortal Wound?
In me this Mark is also known,
I smart for Follies not my own.
- 5 Was He with sore Temptations vex'd?
With sad Suggestions I'm perplex'd.
His Life was one sad Scene of Woe:
Mine is a Scene of Sorrow too.
- 6 But let me sink with conscious Shame
Before the great eternal Name:
Let me my Pride and Boasting quell,
And mourn, while I the Difference tell.
- 7 Tho' Jesus did in Sorrows roll,
Holy and sinless was His Soul;
But I, a Wretch, conceiv'd in Sin,
Am all unholy and unclean.
- 8 How did the suffering Saviour shine
In Love and Meekness all Divine!
But my impatient, wretched Heart,
Is prone at every Cross to start.

- Small?
- 9 What, tho' by other's Sins I'm pain'd,
By me their Guilt is not sustain'd :
But Christ beneath His Father's Frown
Suffer'd for others' Sins alone.
- 10 He is Supreme of Heaven and Earth :
I am a Worm, and nothing worth :
Life for the Dead His Sufferings bought,
But mine, alas ! can merit nought.
- 11 Like His, such agonizing Pain,
No Mortal ever could sustain !
Then blush, my Soul, from hence forbear
With Christ's Afflictions to compare.

CIX.

*I will look to the Lord, I will wait for the God of my
Salvation, my God will bear me. Mic. vi. 7.*

- 1 **M**Y God !—for I can call Thee *Mine* ;
My Father and my Friend ;
Am I not Thine, for ever Thine ?
To Thee my Groans ascend.

- 2 When Helpers fail on every hand,
I look to Thee, O Lord,
My Doubts and Fears thro' Faith withstand,
And trust thy faithful Word.

- 3 In all my Straits, in all my Woes,
For Thee, my God, I wait ;
My Soul can all her Trust repose
On Faithfulness so great.

4 My

What

- 4 My God!—How pleasing is the Sound!
What can I wish for more?—
In Thee, my God, my Soul has found
An everlasting Store.
- 5 My God, I still repeat the Cry,
Bring thy Salvation near;
My God, do Thou my Wants supply,
And manifest Thy Care.
- 6 My God will hear me when I call,
My God will send Relief;
While Thou, my God, art all in all,
I cannot yield to Grief.
- 7 This Word can lighten every Care:
While I can say, *My God*,
Fullness in Poverty I share,
And satisfying Food.
- 8 Eternal Thanks to thy great Name,
Whose Grace hath made me thine;
Nothing shall put my Soul to Shame,
While I can call *Thee mine*:
- 9 Let grateful Thanks to Jesus rise,
Who bought me with his Blood,
Who gave his Life a Sacrifice,
Ere I could say, *My God*.
- 10 Joyful in Tribulation now,
I bless my God and King;
Of Mercy and of Judgment too,
With chearful Voice I sing.
- 11 My

(III)

My God, Thou hast rebuk'd my Fears,
They fled at Thy Command ;
I leave my Soul with all her Cares
In Thine Almighty Hand.

CX.

Every Thing give Thanks, for this is the Will of God.

1 Theff. v. 18.

I Think my Table richly spread,
And blest the Lord for wholesome Bread,
While nothing more appears ;
With this I am not left to starve,
This is far more than I deserve,
And better than my Fears.

I fear'd lest Discontent should turn,
And cause my Appetite to spurn
Against a Meal so dry ;
But sanctified by Prayer, 'tis sweet,
More so than all the sav'ry Meat,
That dainty Sinners buy.

My God, how infinitely kind
Art Thou, to reconcile my Mind
To all thy sov'reign Will !
Content with Nothing I shall be,
I may but converse with Thee,
And have Thy Presence still.

My

- 4 No one shall hear my Tongue complain,
 If Thou my Spirit wilt sustain,
 And fill my Soul with Peace ;
 My Gratitude shall still ascend,
 I'll love and praise Thee to the End,
 Till all my Wants shall cease.
- 5 Humbly for those I'd intercede,
 Who suffer Poverty and Need,
 Without Contentment given :
 O teach them by their Wants to pray,
 And then do Thou Thy Power display,
 And send them Bread from Heaven.
- 6 In earnest I would bear in Mind,
 The Poor, the Sick, the long-confin'd,
 With such I sympathize ;
 To such I feel Compassion move,
 To such I would appear in Love,
 And wipe their weeping Eyes.
- 7 O may their Sorrows sweetly lead,
 Their hungry, fainting Souls to feed
 On Christ, the living Bread ;
 So shall they patiently endure,
 And find their Happiness secure
 In Him their living Head.
- 8 Come, O ye helpless and distress'd,
 Lean on a Saviour's loving Breast,
 In Him there's sweet Repose ;
 He will support, He will sustain,
 He'll bear a Part in ev'ry Pain,
 And sanctify your Woes.

9 The Time is short, you soon shall rise,
 And bid farewell to weeping Eyes,
 And reach the heav'nly shore ;
 O pleasing Thought ! My Soul, prepare
 To meet thy Fellow-sufferers there,
 And aid them to adore.

10 There shall our now complaining Souls,
 Drink of those overflowing Bowls
 Of God's unchanging Love ;
 There Jesus, our exalted Head,
 Shall feed us with delicious Bread,
 And all our Wants remove.

CXI.

Renouncing the World.

1 **T**ELL me no more of earthly Toys,
 Of sinful Mirth and carnal Joys,
 The Things I lov'd before ;
 Let me but view my Saviour's Face,
 And feel His animating Grace,
 And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of Praise and Wealth,
 Tell me no more of Ease and Health,
 For these have all their Snares ;
 Let me but know my Sins forgiven,
 But see my Name enroll'd in Heaven,
 And I am free from Cares.

3 Tell me no more of lofty Tow'rs,
 Delightful Gardens, fragrant Bow'rs,
 For these are trifling Things ;

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The little Room for me design'd,
Will suit as well my easy Mind,
As Palaces of Kings.

- 4 Tell me no more of crouding Guests,
Of sumptuous Feasts and gaudy Dress,
Extravagance and Waste ;
My little Table, only spread
With wholesome Herbs and wholesome Bro
Will better suit my Taste.
- 5 Give me the Bible in my Hand,
A Heart to read and understand,
And Faith to trust the Lord :
I'd set alone from Day to Day,
Or urge no Company to stay,
Nor wish to rove Abroad.

CXII.

*The King hath brought me into his Chambers; we
be glad and rejoice in Thee; we will remember
Love more than Wine. Cant. i. 4.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Lords, and King of Kin
Into His secret Chamber brings
His Worshippers sincere ;
Then their enraptur'd Souls rejoice,
And sing His Praise with Heart and Voice,
And hold Communion dear.
- 2 To me, less than the least of all,
This Favour comes, when Faith can call
On God for quick'ning Grace ;

“ Draw

“ Draw me,” my Soul in earnest cried,
 “ Draw me, my God, I would abide
 “ Alone in Thine Embrace.”

- 3 My God in Mercy heard my cry,
 And sent and drew my Thoughts on high
 Into His holy Place;
 I enter'd, but with holy Fear,
 And saw my dear Redeemer there,
 And feasted on His Grace !
- 4 Jesus, my Soul shall ne'er forget
 A Favour so divinely great :
 I'll keep thy Love in Mind,
 And prize it as my chiefest Good,
 Above my necessary Food,
 Above the richest Wine.

CXIII.

And lest I should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of the Revelations, there was given to me a Thorn in the Flesh, the Messenger of Satan, to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above Measure. 2 Cor. xii. 7.

- 1 JESUS exalts his Fav'rites high,
 And lifts their Souls above,
 When drest in Grace, approaching nigh,
 He manifests his Love.
- 2 Seasons like these great Joy create,
 Our Hearts within us burn,
 Our Souls oft think in such a State,
 Night will no more return.

3 "Jesus is come and testifies,

"He never will depart ;

"I now am spotless in his Eyes,

"And welcome to his Heart.

4 "Much of His Grace to me is given,

"What Happiness I feel !

"Chearful I'll walk the Road to Heav'n,

"Nor fear the Pow'rs of Hell.

5 "Now shall his Graces shine abroad,

"And all the World shall see,

"How much I love my dearest Lord,

"Who suffer'd Death for me."

6 This is the Zeal young Converts show,

While Glory strikes their Eyes ;

'Tis but a little that they know ;

Experience makes them wise.

7 When Wisdom sends a pungent Thorn,

To drive their Pride away ;

How soon they think themselves forlorn ;

Who so oppress as they ?

8 Let but the Pow'rs of Darkness rage,

And Jesus hide His Face ;

With Hell they tremble to engage,

Where, now, their boasted Grace ?

9 Now they complain—How vain their Minds,

Corruption grows too strong ;

Satan again their Spirit binds,

How mournful is their Song !

10 Now

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- 10 Now they perceive their Strength is small,
And cry for Help from Heaven ;
Jesus in Mercy hears them call,
And Grace again is given.
- 11 With humbling Views of Self and Sin,
They now bewail their Pride ;
And now with stronger Faith begin,
In Jesus to confide.
- 12 'Tis needful then to bear the Thorn,
Humility to learn :
Lest Self-conceit should rise to Scorn,
And we to Sin return.

CXIV.

And he came thither unto a Cave, and the Word of the Lord came to him and said, What dost thou here Elijah ? 1 Kings, xix. 9. [Short Measure]

1 **M**Y Soul, what dost Thou here ?
This is forbidden Ground :
Behold, what Dangers now appear !
What Darknes waits around !

2 What dost thou in this Cave
Of Unbelief and Fear ?
Jesus is able still to save,
On him cast all thy Care.

3 Arise, and haste away,
Pursue the heavenly Road ;
Thy Duty now forbids thy Stay ;
Obey the Voice of God.

4 He

4 He will His Aid afford,
And shew a smiling Face ;
Nor shouldst thou find thy Task so hard,
Wouldst thou but trust His Grace.

5 Mourn then thine Unbelief,
And from its Power depart ;
Henceforth let Sin have all thy Grief,
And Jesus all thy Heart.

6 Lord, give me Faith to rise,
Let Love assist my Flight ;
I'd quit this Earth and cleave the Skies,
And sing in endless Light.

CXV.

*Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned and done
Evil in Thy Sight. Psalm li. 4.*

1 'GAINST Thee, Thou Holy, Just, and W
'Gainst Thee, how high my Crimes arise
'Gainst Thee, whom Angels bow before !
'Gainst Thee, whom Saints with Awe adore !

2 'Gainst Thee, Thou good and gracious God !
'Gainst Thee, my only safe Abode !
'Gainst Thee, on whom my all depend !
'Gainst Thee, my Father and my Friend !

3 'Gainst Thee, who made Thy richest Grace
To shine so bright before my Face :
Who gave Thy Son my Soul to save,
From Hell, from Sin, and from the Grave !

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- 4 Why did I let my Saviour go ?
 Why did I grieve his Spirit so ?
 Why did my Heart so stubborn prove,
 To sin against such wond'rous Love ?
- 5 Why did I so forget the Lord ?
 Why did I so neglect His Word ?
 Why scorn to bow the stubborn Knee,
 To Him who bow'd the Heavens for me ?
- 6 Why am I not in deep Despair ?
 Why does a Gleam of Hope appear ?
 Was ever Creature so deprav'd ?
 Was ever such a Sinner sav'd ?
- 7 O let me now in Dust Repent,
 And mourn my Will to Evil bent ;
 Weep on, mine Eyes ! Relent, my Heart,
 And let my Conscience feel the Smart !
- 8 While Jesus shews His pard'ning Blood
 I'll mourn my vile Ingratitude :
 Lord, take this wand'ring Heart of mine,
 And set it as a Seal on Thine.

CXVI.

These are they which came out of great Tribulation, and have washed their Robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii. 14.

1 **L**OOK, O my Soul, within the Veil,
 View that unnumber'd Throng,
 Whose Joys can never, never fail,
 While Jesus is their Song.

2 O happy

- 2 O happy Souls! for ever freed
From Sin and every Snare,
They reign with their exalted Head,
And Palms of Victory bear.
- 3 They glory in their conqu'ring God,
And see Him as He is:
Their Robes are spotless thro' His Blood,
Their Happiness like His.
- 4 But I am in a World of Woe,
Acquainted still with Grief;
Affliction I'm ordain'd to know,
When shall I get Relief?
- 5 They once were sore distress'd, like me,
Till Heaven subdued their Fear;
They sail'd o'er Tribulation's Sea,
Before they landed there.
- 6 Then may I live by Faith on God,
On ev'ry Promise given;
And still confide in Jesu's Blood,
And wait resign'd for Heaven.
- 7 Jesus will surely bring me there,
In His appointed Time;
On Him, my Soul, cast all thy Care,
Rely alone on Him.

CXVII.

Behold I am alive for evermore. Rev. i. 18.

- 1 I, JESUS, am ascended high,
No more to suffer, bleed, or die,
I live,

I live, I live, my Name is Love :
I reign with God supreme above.

2 Behold, I live for evermore,
My Love's an everlasting Store :
I live, to plead the Sinner's Cause,
To magnify JEHOVAH's Laws.

3 I live, to hear my Children's Cries,
I live, to wipe their weeping Eyes ;
I live, to sanctify their Woes,
I live, to conquer all their Foes.

4 I live, to help in each Distress,
I live, t' enrich their Souls with Grace ;
I live, to pour my Spirit down,
I live, t'insure their heavenly Crown.

5 O let believing Souls rejoice,
And glory in their happy Choice !
Let Gratitude their Hearts inspire,
And raise their *Hallelujahs* higher.

6 My Soul shall bless the joyful Hour,
When first I felt the Gospel's Power ;
And sing his Grace thro' endless Day.
Who taught a Child to praise and pray.

CXVIII.

Praising GOD for a plentiful Harvest.

1 **O** Let Jehovah's liberal Hand,
Be own'd and sung through all the Land !
'Tis He that sends a plenteous Store,
His Name let every Soul adore.

2 Let

- 2 Let undeserved Goodness raise
Our Admiration and our Praise
Such vile, rebellious Sinners are
Unworthy of the smallest Share.
- 3 But, How does Mercy yet abound !
How is the Year with Plenty Crown'd !
For Man and Beast, a rich Supply
Is wisely order'd from on high.
- 4 'Tis God who makes the Earth to yield,
He gives Increase to every Field ;
The fragrant Herb, the fruitful Tree,
From God receive Fertility.
- 5 Help us to feed with grateful Hearts
On what thy bounteous Hand imparts,
And let thy Mercies all combine
To ripen us for Joys divine.
- 6 O let thy Goodness teach the Poor
The Riches of Thy Grace t' implore !
And let the Rich from henceforth prove
In Spirit poor, and rich in Love.

CXIX.

To Young Women.

*Beauty is vain, but the Woman that feareth the Lord
she shall be praised.* Prov. xxxi. 30.

- 1 **H**OW oft doth Beauty lead to Sin,
And tempt the Heart to stray ;
It charms awhile, then hides again,
And soon it fades away !

3 Not

- 2 Not all the Art, and Pains, and Care
Of Man can make it sure ;
Nor can the fairest of the Fair
The transient Bliss secure.
- 3 Sickness and Pain may soon disgrace
The most admired Charms ;
Soon must they sleep in Death's Embrace,
And lose their lovely Forms.
- 4 How vain is Beauty, then, my Muse !
Unworthy of thy Lays ;
Turn, and a nobler Subject chuse,
Let Virtue have thy Praise.
- 5 How wise is She, whose constant Care
Pursues the heavenly Road ;
She shall the ETERNAL's Favor share,
And every REAL Good.
- 6 She ever shuns the Snares of Vice ;
How circumspect her Ways !
Wise in Simplicity she is ;
Unfought, her gen'ral Praise.
- 7 If she is call'd to mingle Souls,
How cautious is her Choice ;
No vain Pretence her Love controuls,
She scorns the Flatterer's Voice.
- 8 United, See, illustrious shines,
The tender, prudent Wife ;
Humility her Soul refines,
Grace governs all her Life.

- 9 What undissembled Love she bears
 To him who has her Hand :
 How does she soften all his Cares,
 And all his Woes attend !
- 10 Is she a Friend ? How kind and true !
 Her Charity how pure !
 Her Friendship is not like the Dew,
 That passes in an Hour.
- 11 She shall be prais'd when Beauty fails,
 And Years and Age encrease ;
 She shall be blest while Grace prevails,
 And end her Days in Peace.

CXX.

For the Nation.

*The Eyes of the Lord are upon the Righteous, and
 Ears are open to their Cry. Ps. xxxiv. 15.*

- 1 **S**AY, Is this wild, corrupted Nation
 Blest with a Few who seek the Lord
 Say, Is there One in every Station,
 Who loves t' obey JEHOVAH'S Word ?
- 2 Are all agreed t' increase the Sadness
 Of this dark and gloomy Time ?
 Do all run on in headstrong Madness,
 And scorn Repentance for the Crime ?
- 3 Is this, indeed, our sad Condition ?
 No : let me bless the God of Grace ?
 There are a few, who with Contrition,
 Lament for Sin before his Face.

- 4 Let me encourage their Confession,
 Their strong Intreaties for this Land ;
 Though 'tis a Time of great Transgression,
 Yet, surely, God is still at Hand !
- 5 Ye humble Souls, pray without ceasing ;
 To you the Lord will lend an Ear ;
 While Sins and Judgments are increasing,
 O pray in Faith, and persevere.
- 6 O pray, nor be too much dejected,
 Ask all in Jesu's worthy Name !
 Your Suit shall never be rejected,
 Thro' Him we may Forgiveness claim.
- 7 Come, Sinners, join in each Petition,
 Nor tempt the Lord by your Delay :
 He gives Repentance and Remission,
 To all who do sincerely pray.
- 8 Let every Soul in every Station,
 Join their Assistance : Who can tell
 But God may turn and bless this Nation,
 And send Contention down to Hell ?

CXXI.

National Fast, *Feb.* 10, 1779.

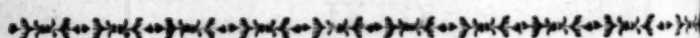
Let the Skies pour down Righteousness. Isa. xlv. 8.

- 1 JESUS, Thou God of Nations, bend
 The Skies, and let the Rain descend,
 But not thy Wrath—In Mercy, bless
 This Land with Showers of Righteousness.

M 2

2 Pour

- 2 Pour down some Tokens of Thy Love ;
Impending Punishment remove ;
Pour down the Spirit of Thy Grace,
That every Soul may seek Thy Face.
- 3 Forbid that BRITAIN e'er should be
Forfaken utterly by Thee !
Let not thy sore Displeasure rest
Upon a Nation so distressed.
- 4 Her Woes, her Poverty, her Need
With thy Compassion we would plead ;
Enrich her, Lord, in every Place,
With all the Plenitude of Grace.
- 5 Water each sacred Spot of Ground
Where'er the Seeds of Truth are found ;
And make the Fruits of Zion's Hill,
The Glory of BRITANNIA still.
- 6 Why should this once high-favour'd Isle
Be ever banish'd from Thy Smile ?
Let not our Sin, our Ruin prove,
In Wrath descend not, but in Love.



☞ *Most of the following Pieces, from N^o cxxi. to the Meditations, having been written since the first Edition was published, are now added to the Work, by Desire of some Friends who had seen them, hoping they may prove acceptable and useful to serious and candid Readers.*

CXXII.

Hold thou me up, and I shall be Safe. Ps. cxix. 117.

- 1 **T**O Thee, again my gracious God,
I lift my Heart and Eyes,
Thou art my only safe Abode,
Thou only Just and Wise.
- 2 In Thee for every needful Grace
My drooping Soul confide ;
Keep me, O Lord, in ev'ry Place,
Secure on ev'ry Side.
- 3 Be thou my Guardian ever near,
Thy Presence I intreat ;
Keep me, O keep me in thy Fear,
Uphold my sliding Feet.
- 4 The Paths I tread are strew'd with Snares,
In Mercy take my Part ;
Let not Applauses wound my Ears,
Nor Censures vex my Heart.
- 5 Lest I should once disgrace thy Cause,
Make me, O Lord, to grow
Deaf, both to Censure and Applause,
And dead to all below.
- 6 I'd seek the Honour of thy Name,
And leave my own to die ;
Help me to sink with humble Shame,
And raise thy Praises high.

CXXIII.

Under Darknefs.

- 1 JESUS, I now address thy Throne,
And seek my Help in Thee alone,
As wretched Sinners do;
Hear and regard my earnest Cries,
Send, gracious God, some fresh Supplies,
And chear my Hopes anew.
- 2 Thou art a God of boundless Might,
O turn my Darknefs into Light !
I wait thy Spirit's chearing Rays ;
Come, thou Instructor, all divine,
Enlarge these scanty Thoughts of mine,
And turn my Sighs to Songs of Praise.
- 3 Haste, sacred Dove, dart thro' the Skies,
Haste, and assist my Faith to rise,
She's all unactive here ;
O fix her on her Author's Breast,
On him she can securely rest
Without the interrupting Pains of Jealousy
and Fear.

CXXIV.

- 1 WITHOUT the Aid of sovereign Grace,
In vain I wish, in vain I try
To raise my chearful Thoughts on high,
Or gain a Smile from Jesus' Face ;
In

In thee, my God, are all my Springs,
 At thy Command my Passions move ;
 O let thy Spirit's gentle Wings
 Bear me above created Things,
 And fix me where I may enjoy thy Love.

2 Fix me on that delightful Ground
 Where once I spoke the Joys I found,
 Amidst those fruitful Bowers ;
 There, there again I long to stand,
 And taste the Fruits of Canaan's Land,
 And please my choice in gathering heavenly
 Flow'rs.

3 There would my Thoughts unwearied rove,
 And bless the peaceful, happy Grove,
 There would my Comforts grow divinely strong :
 There have I seen the King of Kings,
 And heard a thousand glorious Things :
 I know how sweet the Blessings are,
 And grow impatient to be there,
 Why should I wear this earthly Chain so long ?

CXXV.

As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten. Rev. iv 19.

1 **H**EAR this, ye Fav'rites of the Lord,
 Who mourn beneath his Rod,
 Hear, and rejoice at ev'ry Word,
 And trust your loving God.

2 Hear, and dismiss your gloomy Fears,
 And tune your joyful Songs ;

Each

- Each Word rebukes your flowing Tears,
And your complaining Tongues,
- 3 Come, ye that doubt Jehovah's Love,
Because you sob distress'd,
Here is a Cordial from above,
To ease your troubled Breast.
- 4 Thus saith the Lord, the Only Wise,—
“ I will my Children prove,
“ I will rebuke, I will chastise
“ As many as I love.
- 5 “ I'll punish and subdue their Pride,
“ I will be known their God ;
“ Love to their precious Souls shall guide
“ My sin-avenging Rod.
- 6 “ To them I'll manifest my Care,
“ As faithful Fathers do,
“ I'll teach them Reverence and Fear,
“ And they shall love me too.
- 7 “ Thus will I save their Souls from Hell,
“ And bring them safe to Heaven :
“ There shall they love and praise me well,
“ For each Correction giv'n.”
- 8 Cheer up, my Soul, and hope anew,
For Heav'n rebukes thy Moan ;
Cheer up, and learn Obedience too,
And live by Faith alone.

CXXVL

Complaining of Sin as being ever present.

- 1 **O** Could I find some peaceful Bow'r
Where Sin has neither Place nor Pow'r
This

This Traitor vile I fain would shun,
But cannot from its Presence run.

2 When to the Throne of Grace I flee,
It stands betwixt my God and me ;
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
I feel its workings in my Breast.

3 When I attempt to soar above,
To view the heights of Jesus' Love,
This Monster seems to mount the Skies
And veil his Glory in my Eyes.

4 O! to be freed from this vile Foe,
Which keeps my Faith and Hope so low ;
Lord, take me to my heavenly Home,
Where not one sinful Thought can come.

CXXVII.

Lord's Day. *Written under Confinement.*

1 **W**HY does this Room so often prove
A Dungeon, Lord, to me ;
When will these Bars of Sickness move,
To set thy Prisoner free ?

2 Jesus, I long to hear thy Word,
I long to feel its Pow'r ;
Be thou my Healer, dearest Lord,
And bring the happy Hour.

3 Till then do thou my Soul sustain,
All-patient to endure ;
Bless my Confinement and my Pain,
And all my Hopes insure.

4 Visit

- 4 Visit me here, thou King of Kings,
With Rays of Light divine ;
Spread o'er my Soul thy healing Wings,
And tell me thou art mine.
- 5 Let each returning Sabbath prove
A day of Rest to me,
Till I behold thy Face above,
And rest secure with thee.

CXXVIII.

Going to the House of God after long Con-
finement through Illness.

- 1 **N**OW let my Soul adore and praise
The God of Love, the God of Grace;
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways,
On him I wait in ev'ry Case.
- 2 Beneath his Rod, I raise my Cries
And plead his Faithfulness and Care ;
He hears my Groans, he bids me rise
And tell how kind his Dealings are.
- 3 I taste his Goodness every Hour ;
O for a Heart to love his Name !
A Heart t'adore his matchless Power,
Which has reviv'd my dying Frame.
- 4 What shall I render to the Lord,
Who thus regards me from above ;
How shall I best proclaim abroad
His Condescension and his Love.

5 Give

5 Give me, O God, a grateful Heart,
 And let me pay my Vows to thee,
 For thou hast sweetly eas'd my Smart,
 Hast set thy waiting Prisoner free.

6 Now in that Strength which thou hast giv'n,
 My willing Feet thy Courts shall tread ;
 There shall I hear good news from Heav'n,
 And on thy promis'd Blessings feed.

CXXIX.

The Voice of my Beloved, behold he cometh. Cant. ii. 8.

1 **T**IS my Beloved's awful Voice ;—
 He comes,—he calls me to rejoice ;
 'Tis he Himself, my Soul, and none but he ;
 I know him by his wounded Side,
 I know him, for his Robes are dyed,
 Dyed in that precious blood he shed for me.

2 He comes,—I'm fill'd with holy Fear,
 I blush and weep as he draws near ;
 Although I see a Pardon in his Hand
 I feel my Sorrows melt and move,
 Because I've sinn'd against such Love,
 Against a Friend so glorious and so good.

3 He comes,—I deeper sink in shame,
 I love and venerate his Name,
 And wish to love him more ;
 O for a flaming Seraph's Zeal !
 O for that Warmth which Angels feel !
 Like them I'd live, like them I'd love, like
 them I would adore.

CXXX.

CXXX

- 1 **N**OW, let me from this World retire,
To thee, my God, my Thoughts aspire,
O let me feel and taste thy Love,
And seek my Happiness above.
- 2 Nothing will suit my present Case
But some fresh Token of thy Grace ;
All earthly Things are vain and vile,
If I cannot enjoy thy Smile.
- 3 In vain, to chear this Soul of mine,
I taste or drink the richest Wine ;
In vain for my Support I eat
The finest Bread, the choicest Meat.
- 4 Amidst ten thousand Blessings, I
Complain, lament, yea tire, and die ;
Nor can I find one resting Spot,
For all is vain where God is not.
- 5 In vain the Stars adorn the Skies,
In vain the Sun more glorious rise,
The whole Creation tries in vain
My drooping Spirits to sustain.
- 6 Without thy Presence Earth is Hell ;—
My Thoughts must still in Sadness dwell
Till I can see *Inmanuel's* Face,
I'm all undone without his Grace.

CXXXI.

And Enoch walked with God. Gen. v. 24.

- 1 **L**IKE *Enoch* I would seek to be,
Lord, keep me in thy Fear ;
Like

Like *Enoch*, I would walk with thee,
And find thee ever near.

2 Like him, I'd reverence thy Name,
And fix my Thoughts above ;
Like his, my Zeal would burn and flame,
Like his my Soul would love.

3 Like him, I'd keep the Road to Heav'n,
By Faith in Jesus' Blood ;
Like him, I'd know my Sins forgiv'n,
And freely talk with God.

4 O for an *Enoch's* frame of Mind,
An holy, humble Heart ;
O for a Will like his, resign'd
Beneath my ev'ry Smart.

5 Like him I'd hope, like him believe,
And tread the Tempter down ;
Like him I'd conquer, and receive
A rich, immortal Crown.

6 Lord, help me to address thy Throne,
To pray as *Enoch* did,
And shower these needed Blessings down
Upon my guilty Head.

CXXXII.

*Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that thou bearest
unto thy People, O visit me with thy Salvation, that
I may see the Good of thy Chosen ; that I may rejoice in
the Gladness of thy Nation. Psalm cvi. 4, 5.*

1 **R**EMEMBER me, thou great I AM,
Thou holy, just, and wise ;

N

Remember

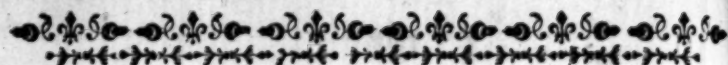
- Remember me, thou bleeding Lamb,
And hearken to my Cries.
- 2 Thou art my Refuge, and my Tower,
O let me see thy Face ;
Shew me thy Glory and thy Power,
And feed me with thy Grace.
- 3 Thou dost to thine own People show
The Wonders of thy Love ;
Such Favours, Lord, on me bestow,
And fix my Thoughts above.
- 4 Jesus, on Thee alone I'd rest,
As thine own People do ;
O let me lean upon thy Breast,
And hold thee in my View !
- 5 Yes, for my Eyes would ever gaze
On Beauty so divine ;
My Heart with Love would burn and blaze,
And be forever thine.
- 6 Now let thy smiling Face appear
And make my Comfort strong ;
So shall I love, and hope, and fear,
And praise thee in my Song.
- 7 Bring thy Salvation to my Sight,
And let my Heart rejoice
With those in whom my Soul delight,
The People of thy Choice
- 8 How dear are all thy Saints to me,
O let their Joys abound !
Bless them, my God, and let me be
In that blest Number found.

- 1 **I**S this thy Will, and must I be
A Living Witness, Lord, for thee ?
Must I thy wond'rous Love record,
And spread thy Praises far abroad ?
- 2 Must I to all thy Saints unfold
The Things which thou to me hast told ?
And shall the Eyes of Sinners see
What thou hast done for worthless me ?
- 3 Wilt thou no longer me excuse,
And wilt thou frown if I refuse ?
O let me have thy Presence still,
And I'll submit to all thy Will !
- 4 Make thou my Path of Duty plain,
And let thine Arm my Soul sustain ;
Give me new Strength, new Courage here,
And fill my Soul with holy Fear.
- 5 'To thee I dedicate the whole,
Thine is my Heart, and thine my Soul ;
Bless what my feeble Hand hath wrought,
And take the Praise of every Thought.
- 6 Wilt Thou, dear Lord, thine Handmaid own
Her Offering with ACCEPTANCE crown.
Thy Glory is her humble Aim :—
ETERNAL GLORY TO THY NAME.

N 2

MEDITATIONS

* Composed after being made acquainted that her Verses were
designed to be printed.



MEDITATIONS

IN

BLANK VERSE.



I.

On the Incarnation of our LORD.

And suddenly there was with the Angel a Multitude of the heavenly Host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth Peace, Good-will towards Men. Luke ii. 13, 14.

HOW did the heavenly Multitude rejoice,
When JESUS, clad with Zeal, and wing'd with
Love,

Descended from the bright Abodes of Bliss,
To save a World of Sinners quite undone !
How did they shout, and triumph, and ascribe
Glory to God, in high-exalted Strains ;
While Peace on Earth they eagerly proclaim'd,
And sung the pure Good-will of God to Man !

Why then, my Soul, art thou so silent found ?
Why so averse to sing IMMANUEL's Love ?
Come, join their Song, and shew thy Gratitude
For Grace so rich, so boundless, and so free !
Rise, and to *Bethlehem* flee without delay,
Go, seek the new-born Saviour with Delight,
And join in humble Worship at his Feet.
Enter the Stable, and behold Him there ;
Where Oxen feed, the lovely Infant lies,
Because the Inn would not afford him Room !

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But why, O Man! why didst thou not receive
The heavenly Stranger, and with Honours crown
His Sov'reign and Supreme, tho' Infant Head?

No Room for JESUS!—O amazing Thought!—
No Entertainment for the KING of Kings
But what the Brute Creation could afford!—
How did the Brutes reprove their Masters here,
In making Way for CHRIST, the Prince of Peace!
Methinks I see them nestle to and fro,
And leave for Him the most commodious Place.
THEY made Him welcome to a Bed of Hay,
While Man refus'd Him where to lay His Head:
Let Human Nature Blush, and sink with Shame.

O most ungrateful Man! Thou dost appear
Worse than the Beasts which perish from the Earth.
O strange Reception for the LORD of Life!
Was JESUS treated with such high Disdain,
And did he not resent the vile Affront?
Not so:—In Him was no Resentment found;
All passive, He resisted not his Foes,
Altho' He could destroy them with a Word,
'Till Death their cruel Insolence he bore,
And even then, "FORGIVE them!" was His Prayer

Learn then, my Soul, with Meekness to receive
Thy Share of Scorn and Shame, for JESUS' sake;
And meditate, how wonderful that Love
Which cloath'd thy Maker in Mortality
And made Him subject to its numerous Woes!
O vast, stupendous, boundless Love, indeed!
Too vast for finite Minds to comprehend!—
Glory to God! let every Mortal sing,
And hail the happy Day which gave him Birth.—

Most happy Day for Adam's guilty Race,
Whom from the deepest Hell of endless Woe
There's none can ransom but th' INCARNATE GOD!

II.

The Year closed, Dec. 31, 1778.

WHY am I not consign'd to endless Woe?
Why am I spar'd to close another Year?
Surpriz'd, I ask, Why this Forbearance, Lord,
To such an useless cumb'rer of the Ground?
O let Thy condescending Goodness lead
My Soul with deep Repentance to Thy Throne!—

How art Thou following me with Mercy still,
Still exercising thy long-suffering Grace,
And waiting to be gracious to a Worm!—

By Thee, from Year to Year, I stand preserv'd,
With ample Blessings on my guilty Head,
Though all unworthy of the Air I breathe,
Although the Cry of my provoking Sins
Have so repeatedly displeas'd Thine Ear.—
What rich Provision has sustain'd my Soul!
How many Favours from indulgent Heaven,
What Peace, what Consolation have I found!
How am I lost in Admiration here!
How infinite the Patience of my God!
How rich, how free, how boundless is his Love!—

Forgive, O Lord, my vile Ingratitude;
Forgive, forgive the Sins of all my Days,
Nor let my youthful Follies ever prove
A Wall to separate my Soul from Thee.—

With humble Praise to Thee, I close this Year,
With ardent Prayer for Wisdom from above,
And Grace to guide my Entrance on the New.

III.

III.

Entering on the New Year, Jan. 1, 1779.

THANK Thee, O my Father and my God,
 For every single Mercy I receive.
 Yes: for to Thee, and Thee alone, I owe
 My Preservation and Existence here.—
 On Man all Blessings wait at Thy Command—
 I'm fed by Thee, and cloath'd from Day to Day;
 On Thee I am dependent every Hour,
 For the supply of each returning Want;
 And O how kind, how lib'ral is thy Hand!
 How great is Thy Compassion and Thy Care!
 By Thee my every Want has been supplied,
 By Thee my every Woe has been redress'd.
 My *Ebenexer* here again I raise,
 And here record the Goodness of the Lord,
 Who hitherto hath help'd me and sustain'd.
 To Him I waft a Song of grateful Praise,
 With Him my Covenant again renew,
 In whose delightful Service I rejoice,
 And bind myself to Him for evermore.—

'Twas God that gave me entrance on this Year:
 To Him I give myself without Reserve,
 And solemnly avouch Him for my own:
 The Time which He allows me here on Earth,
 I set apart for Him, and Him alone,
 All that I have, and am, I here resign
 And consecrate to Him for holy Use.
 Witness, ye Angels! while my Soul engage
 To love and fear that God whom you adore;
 Before the Face of Heaven, I now resolve

Upon

Upon a Life of Faith and Holiness,—
 Let Heav'n reprove me, if I ever stray,
 Or once attempt to break these sacred Vows.

JESUS, to Thee I strongly stand engag'd,
 And 'tis on Thee alone my Faith depends
 For the Performance of each solemn Vow ;
 O keep me as the Apple of Thine Eye ;
 Let no Temptation overcome my Soul ;
 Hide me beneath the Shadow of Thy Wings,
 And Earth and Hell shall seek my Hurt in vain.—
 Prepare me for the Trials of this Year ;
 Direct and counsel me in all my Ways ;
 Bless what my feeble Hands may undertake,
 And crown my weak Endeavors with Success.

IV.

Thoughts on Death.

O Solemn Thought ! Weak Man is born to die.
 JEHOVAH has the awful Sentence pass'd,
 Nor can that awful Sentence be revers'd ;
 No :—Man has sinn'd,—and Man shall surely die.
 Death, like a Tyrant reigns, and conquers all ;
 By Him there's no respect of Persons shewn ;
 The Rich, the Poor, the Evil, and the Good,
 The Old and Young, must yield alike to Him :
 To Him the Wise, the rev'rend Head must bow ;
 Princes and Kings are subject to his Pow'r,
 Nor can their glittering Crowns insure their Breath.

But O let every human Being know
 He has a SOUL which never can expire !—

Immortal

immortal—THIS hereafter *must* exist
In endless Happiness, or endless Woe.

Alarming Thought ! O let me oft revolve,
That I must shortly pass the dreary Vale
Of Death—and at Thine awful Bar arraign'd
Account for every past Transaction here.—
There will my final Doom be fix'd and seal'd :—
And O what Joy—what Transport—or what Pain
Will seize my Soul, according to the Test !—

If to the Regions of Despair consign'd,
O how surpriz'd in Horror should I stand !
How would the Pangs of Disappointment rend
My frightened Ghost, if possible, in twain !—
What ! To be banish'd from the God I love ;
Whose Favor and whose Presence I esteem
Above the Breath which feeds this vital Frame ?
How should I take the last Farewell of Him,
In whose Communion I so richly share ;
In whom I glory as my only Joy !

O let these gloomy, dreadful Thoughts be gone !
They wound my Heart, they swell my Sorrows high
And if indulg'd would frantic turn my Brain.

Why should *Despair* invade ? Are not my Hopes,
My solid Hopes of never-ending Joy
Built on the ROCK OF AGES, firm, and sure ?
And in those sacred Hopes I WILL rejoice :
Still hoping against Hope, till Hope shall say
To full ENJOYMENT,—“ I give Place to Thee.”

That JESUS, on whose Faithfulness I rest,
Will ne'er confound, nor put my Hope to Shame,
For 'tis the Fruit of His unchanging Love.
Ne'er had I thought to build my Hopes on Him,
Ne'er had I known or lov'd his worthy Name.

Had

Had not His Thoughts of Love first fix'd on me.
 I therefore know,—I fear,—I hope,—I love,—
 Because attracted first by LOVE DIVINE.
 What then shall rob me of my Joy in Him?
 Not Pain, nor Death, nor all the Pow'rs of Hell.
 O DEATH! Where is thy Sting? and Where thy
 Victory, GRAVE?

V.

The Time is short. 1 Cor. vii. 29.

THE TIME IS SHORT:—How awful is the Sound
 Come, Thou ETERNAL SPIRIT from above,
 And help me to improve it to Thy Praise!

O solemn Thought! Time, soon will be no more
 Short, very short on Earth must be my Stay.

Eternity approaches:—Let me ask,
 Art thou, my Soul, preparing for thy Change?
 The TIME IS SHORT:—But thou canst never die,
 Thou art Immortal, and thou must survive
 Sun, Moon, and Stars, and all created Things.
 The TIME IS SHORT—and Thou must soon away,
 And at the Bar of God's Tribunal stand.—
 And what—O think, what then will be thy Doom?
 Wilt thou, compleat, stand there before thy JUDGE
 Cloath'd in a SAVIOUR's spotless Righteousness,
 Renew'd and justified by sov'reign Grace?
 Will He who sees thy secret Springs of Thought—
 Who weighs Designs unform'd, and tries the Reins
 Will He of thy Integrity approve?
 O will He, with a Smile, pronounce thee Bless'd,
 And bid thee welcome to eternal Joy?

Or

Or wilt thou there a Hypocrite be found,—
 Unsanctified,—a Stranger to His Love
 Who died for Sinners on th' accursed Tree?—
 Tremendous then indeed will be thy Case!
 O how wilt thou, a guilty, frightened Ghost,
 Stand there before a sin-revenging God,
 Till with a Curse He thrust thee down to Hell!

The TIME IS SHORT.—O shun Deceit and Guile!
 Work out thine own Salvation, now, with Fear.
 Nothing but pure Sincerity will stand
 With Him whose Name is HOLY, JUST, and TRUE.—

The TIME IS SHORT.—O may this solemn Truth
 Alarm and quicken all my drowsy Pow'rs!
 Lord, write it on the Table of my Heart,
 And let th' Impression wear a lasting Date.—

The TIME IS SHORT.—Be serious, O my Soul?
 ETERNITY now calls for every Thought.
 No more let trifling, sublunary Things
 Steal thy Attention from its vast Concerns.—

The TIME IS SHORT,—Bid Carelessness adieu,
 Let Levity forever stand condemn'd,
 Since Thou of That a strict Account must give.—

The TIME IS SHORT.—Improve thy fleeting Hours;
 Do what thou canst for GOD, and never tire,
 But praise His holy Name for each Employ.

The TIME IS SHORT.—How pleasing is the Sound
 To one who longs for perfect Holiness!
 To one that sets Communion with his God
 Above the highest Pleasure Mortals know.

The TIME IS SHORT O let my Soul rejoice!
 I soon shall bid farewell to ev'ry Sin,

From

From all Temptation find a sweet Release.
 My feeble Pulse proclaims, The TIME IS SHORT,
 And every Pain reiterates the Sound :
 Yes, while Convulsions shake my dying Frame,
 It well confirms me in the joyful Truth.

The TIME IS SHORT ! Let all be on their Guard
 Lord, keep me ever in a watchful Frame,
 That I may welcome Death when Thou shalt call,
 And sing and triumph in its near Approach.

VI.

A short DIALOGUE between MYSELF and my SOUL.

SOUL.

*O that my Head were Waters, and mine Eyes a Fountain
 Tears, that I might weep Day and Night ! Jer. ix. 1.*

SELF.

BUT why, my Soul, so much dispos'd to grieve
 Why would thou spend thy Days and Nights
 in Tears ?

Why is thy Harp upon the Willows hung,
 And why is ev'ry String to Sorrow tun'd ?
 What, Is there nothing worthy of thy Joys ?
 Will not the chearing Sun invite a Smile ?
 Will not the common Mercies of the Day
 Excite an Evening Song of Gratitude ?
 Are not the Wonders of Redeeming Love
 Worthy thy grateful and adoring Thoughts ;
 Or hast thou lost thy once-delightful Share
 In Blessings, so reviving, so divine ?
 How canst thou lift thy streaming Eyes to Heav'n

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And bid at once Farewell to all its Joys ?
 Stop, O my Soul ! I tremble at the Thought.
 My Life expires : I charge thee to forbear.

SOUL.

Ah, foolish Mortal ! Loth to understand,
 And still more loth to share in sacred Grief !
 Come, learn my Meaning, and thou shalt confess
 'Tis right that I should mourn till Life expires.
 I own Jehovah's kind and bounteous Hand
 In ev'ry Mercy that thou dost receive ;
 And 'tis thy vile, thy base Ingratitude
 That sinks my drooping Spirits to the Ground.
 The Words of Thankfulness thy Lips pronounce,
 But O how seldom is thy Heart engag'd
 In solemn Acts of Gratitude and Praise !
 How wand'ring, O how vain are all thy Thoughts !
 How sensual, O how earthly is thy Mind !
 How far from God, thy chief, thy only Good !
 How much Deceit, Hypocrisy, and Guile
 Have I discover'd in thy Words and Ways !
 O blush, and be asham'd, and join to mourn
 A Heart so carnal, so un sanctified !
 Where is thy Faith, thy Fear, or Love of God ?
 Thy Resignation to His holy Will ?
 Where is thy Zeal for Him who died for thee ?
 Where thy Obedience to His just Commands ?

SELF.

Desist, my Soul ! I feel Conviction strong :
 At length I yield—I can hold out no more.
 O that my Head were Waters, and mine Eyes
 A flowing Fount of Penitential Tears,
 That I might mourn for Sin with constant Grief !

SOUL.

Affected, for a Moment ! but how soon

O

Will

Will this thy Grief to Negligence be turn'd !
 Thine Instability I've cause to mourn.
 Just like a Feather driven to and fro
 With every Breath of Air, Thou wavereſt ;
 How ſoon puff'd up, and borne away by Pride ;
 What Luſt, what Envy, O what vain Deſires,
 What vile Affections from thy Heart proceed !

SELF.

Wretch that I am ! where ſhall I hide my Head ?
 O'ercome with Guilt, O whither ſhall I flee ?

SOUL.

To JESUS, as thy SAVIOUR and thy Lord.
 His pow'rful Blood can conquer ev'ry Sin,
 And purify a Heart unclean as thine.

VII.

Woe is me, for I am undone. Iſaiah vi. 5.

WHY SIN, haſt thou deprav'd my Nature thus ?
 Why haſt thou left me helpless and undone ?
 Infernal Sorc'reſs ! Thy bewitching Lure
 Its wretched Captives into Ruin draws,
 And oft, too oft eternally deſtroys.
 Thou art my worſt, my moſt inveterate Foe ;
 With thee I now proclaim eternal War ;
 Nor ſhall thy gilded Bait of worldly Blifs
 Prevail on me to treat thee as a Friend.—
 Betray'd by thee, my Soul hath undergone
 The loſs of more than Language can expreſs :
 Thro' thee, primeval Rectitude is fled,
 My Zeal unnerv'd, my Faculties deprav'd :
 Thro' thee, O ſad and lamentable Thought !

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I've lost my Title to Eternal Life ;
 I've lost the Favour of my sov'reign Judge,
 Sweet Intercourse with Him no more to hold.
 I've lost my glittering Crown of Innocence,
 My inward, solid Peace—my holy Joy—
 My Ease—my Health—my Heaven—and my All.
 I'm lost to all that's sacred and divine ;
 Lost to myself ;—and to my Maker lost ;
 Lost in myself, without one Gleam of Hope.

O wretched State ! What, Lost for evermore ?
 Is there no kind Deliverer to be found ?
 Are Souls, in Sin's inexplicable Maze,
 So lost that Hope of Restoration fails ?
 Well then may I this Lamentation take,
 " Wo, wo is me ! For I am quite undone."
 Well may I trembling and astonish'd ask,
 How shall my Soul escape the Wrath to come ?

But hark ! what friendly Voice is that I hear !
 Attend, my Soul, from Heaven methinks it sounds,
 And Words like these consolatory speaks :
 " Take Comfort Sinner ! for thy Help is found :
 " 'Tis found in HIM, whose Mercy knows no Bounds.
 " Dismiss each tim'rous, each desponding Thought,
 " The Lost are those whom Jesus came to save.
 " HE is the only New and Living WAY,
 " Whereby thou canst Deliverance expect
 " From all thy pungent Misery and Woe ;
 " Come, as the chief of Sinners, to His Throne,
 " Lost, and undone, and wretched, as thou art ;—
 " Come, plead His Merits, and He will restore
 " That Peace and Joy which passeth human Thought :
 " He'll re-inkamp His Image on thy Soul ;

" With Wisdom furnish thee to will and do
 " Whate'er His evangelic Word requires.
 " He'll bring thee to His Feet, and thou shalt find
 " Freedom, and Favour, and Protection there.
 " In Him shall be thy Righteousness and Strength,
 " And thou shalt wear the Jewels of His Grace :
 " Thy Soul shall prosper, and be found in Health,
 " For He shall be thy Peace, thy Joy, thy Life ;
 " Thy Happiness in Him shall be compleat."

O blessed News ! My Hope shall anchor here.
 JESUS, to Thee, as perishing, I come :
 On Thee I venture my eternal All,
 My Faith shall in Thy Promises confide,
 Till Glory far exceeds my vast Desires.

VIII.

LORD, where are Thy former Loving-kindnesses ?
 Psalm lxxxix. 49.

WHILE I am call'd to reason, Lord, with Thee,
 I fain would at the humblest Distance bow ;
 Rememb'ring what I was, and whence I sprung,
 And what I still remain, and what Thou art,
 Who art the Sov'reign, free, and uncontroll'd,
 Acting in all Things as it well becomes
 A God of spotless Holiness and Truth.
 Once to demand of Thee a strict Account
 Is more than Seraphs or Archangels dare ;
 Yea, such a Thought would make those Spirits blush.
 O let me then forbear ! I am but *dust*,
 A Sinner, yea of Sinners I am chief ;

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Lets than a Worm, and viler than the Earth.—
 What shall I say to Thee, Thou Judge supreme!
 Of whose bright Excellence I can't conceive;
 Whose Being and whose Grandeur's far above
 Conceptions finite when most highly rais'd.
 O were it not for Jesus, as my Plea,
 I dare not ope my Mouth before thy Throne,
 I dare not lift my guilty Eyes to Heaven.
 Thro' Faith in His atoning Blood I dare,—
 In His great Name, I dare presume to ask,
 Lord, where is now Thy Loving-kindness fled?
 Where are those Favours that I once enjoy'd?
 Where, those refreshing Cordials of Thy Love?—
 I call to Mind those past, delightful Hours
 When I beneath Thy Smile could call Thee Mine;
 When I could rest and triumph in Thy Love,
 And laugh at Satan and his conquer'd Rage.
 But now, from Day to Day I'm left to mourn
 Beneath Thy Frown, by Unbelief enslav'd,
 Shut up in Darkness, where my gloomy Thoughts
 Are hov'ring on the Borders of Despair.

O why didst Thou so hastily depart?
 Didst Thou not know that all my Happiness
 Was center'd in Thy Favour and Thy Smile.
 Why from my Soul dost Thou so long withdraw?
 Why leave me thus oppress'd, with outward Woes,
 Depriv'd of Strength by Thine afflicting Hand,
 By Pain almost depriv'd of Common Sense?
 O let me plead Thy past indulgent Care!
 Thou hast sustain'd my Soul in all my Woes,
 My Strength in all my Weakness Thou hast been,
 My Ease in Pain, my Fullness in my Wants;
 And must my Soul no more these Favours share?

Must I no more on Earth enjoy Thy Smile?
 Then let me die, that I may see Thy Face;
 I'd welcome Death in all its frightful Forms
 Could I but gain one Look of Love from Thee.—
 Not Life, nor Health, nor Friends can satisfy
 This Soul of mine, which thirsts alone for God.—
 When, Thou dear Jesus, shall I find Thee near?
 I'm all Impatience for the happy Day.

IX.

I will lift up mine Eyes unto the Hills, from whence cometh my Help. Psalm cxxi. 1.

UP to th' eternal Hills I lift my Eyes,
 Those holy Hills, whence every Blessing springs,
 Where JESUS, my triumphant Conq'rour lives;
 Those sacred Hills, where GOD, the Judge of all,
 In Majesty and Glory reigns supreme,
 Exalted far above my highest Thoughts;
 Those glorious Hills where all Perfection dwells,
 Where Saints and Angels sweetly harmonize,
 And sing in Straips ineffably sublime
 The matchless Wonders of REDEEMING GRACE.—
 O let my Faith ascend on Pisgah's Top
 And please my eager Soul with brighter Views!—
 O blessed Hills of never-fading Joy!
 O happy Mansions of eternal Rest!
 Thrice happy They, whose pious Souls are fled
 And landed safely on those flow'ry Banks!
 With Them my fainting Spirit would retire:—
 There JESUS as my Advocate appears,
 In Him, in HIM alone, MY HELP IS FOUND;

He

He bought my Ransom with His precious Blood;
 He bore my Sins on the accursed Tree;
 Let everlasting Honors crown His Head.—
 JESUS, to Thee I lift my longing Eyes,
 On Thee alone my Expectations wait,
 And Thou canst far surpass my Soul's Desires:
 Thou art acquainted with my num'rous Woes,
 Thou know'st my Wants, my Sorrows; and my Fears,
 O send me Consolation's friendly Balm!
 Help me to cast my every Care on Thee;
 Thine own Almighty Arm can well sustain
 This weak, unworthy, guilty, wretched Soul.—
 O let Thy Wisdom silence each Complaint,
 And turn my Sighs to Songs of Thankfulness.
 Adoring Thoughts of Thee I would maintain,
 And in Affliction's Furnace give Thee Praise.—
 Help me upon Thy Faithfulness to rest,
 To feed upon Thy Promises divine,
 That I may grow in Knowledge and in Grace.
 O help my Faith to look within the Veil!
 That I may still endure, as seeing Thee,
 Whose Presence is far dearer to my Soul
 Than Life with all its transitory Joys.
 O help me, Lord! I'm Impotence itself,
 Expos'd to Satan's cruel Rage I stand,
 I sojourn in a vain insnaring World,
 Where Dangers numberless in ambush lie;
 O guard and keep my Soul from ev'ry Snare!
 Help me to shun the dang'rous Paths of Sin;
 Nor let me once disgrace those blessed Truths
 I now profess to honour and believe!
 Keep me, my dear Redeemer, by Thy Pow'r;
 On Things eternal my Affections place;

Let

Let not my Tribulations cast me down,
 But make me more than Conq'rour over all.
 Thou Helper of the Helplefs, hear my Gries,
 And lead me to those everlasting Hills,
 That I, with all Thy Saints, may comprehend
 More of that Love no Mortal can describe,
 That Love of Thine I feel within my Breast.

X.

*Thou art my Hiding-place, thou shalt preserve me from
 Trouble, Thou shalt compass me about with Songs of
 Deliverance. Psalm xxxii. 7.*

WHO would not fear Thee, O Thou King of
 Saints!

Who would not love and glorify Thy Name?
 Who would not place their Confidence in Thee,
 Thou just, Thou faithful, cov'nant-keeping God!

O could th' unthinking World but once conceive
 Or taste the Pleasures of a holy Life,
 How would they cast their trifling Toys away,
 And strive to make this Happiness their own!
 But they are Strangers to the God I serve,
 And cannot intermeddle with my Joys;
 From such I must withdraw and hide myself,
 I cannot treat them as my bosom-Friends.—

But stop, my Soul! for I must drop a Tear,
 Before I leave them to their wretched Choice:
 Is there Compassion in this Heart of mine?
 Then why, O why should I restrain it here,
 And rob its proper Objects of their Due?—
 Now let my Thoughts to God again return.

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Lord, draw me nearer to Thy blessed Self,—
 THOU art my Hope, my Fortress, and my Tower;
 My Rock, my Refuge, and my Hiding-place:
 Thou shalt defend, Thou shalt preserve my Soul
 From all the Curses of a blinded Mind,—
 From all th' abounding Errors of this Age,—
 From all the conscious Pains that DEISTS know—
 Thou shalt preserve me, from th' ARMINIAN'S Shame,
 From all the Horrors ANTINOMIANS feel.—
 From all the Terrors that Thou hast prepar'd
 For ARIAN Monsters, and SOCINIAN Fools.—
 THOU shalt preserve me, O my gracious God,
 From Satan's threat'ning, fascinating Snares,
 And from the Dangers of my tender Years;—
 Thou shalt preserve me from Deceit and Guile,
 From all the Woes on Hypocrites denounc'd,
 From all the Evils of this wretched World:
 And, when my Follies move Thee to chastise,
 Thou shalt preserve my Soul beneath Thy Rod;
 Yea, THOU shalt teach me to adore Thine Hand,
 To sing e'en then of Mercy and of Love.

In every Trial and in every Strait
 Thou shalt sustain, relieve, and comfort me;
 And when th' awful Hour of Death arrives
 THOU shalt preserve me from its dreadful Sting,
 Shall safe conduct me to those happy Realms
 Where I shall rest secure from each Annoy
 And sing and triumph in redeeming Grace;
 There shalt Thou sweetly compass me about
 With Songs of Freedom and supreme Delight:
 There shall my ravish'd Eyes with wonder gaze
 On HIM whose dying Groans procur'd my Joys.
 O lazy Time! why dost Thou move so slow?

Make

Make haste; and set my poor, impatient Soul
Upon her native, much-desired Land.

XI.

With Thee is the Fountain of Life. Ps. xxxvi. 9.

WITH Thee, Thou great I AM, Thou Just,
and Wise,
Is the rich Fountain of eternal Life ;
Indulge my Soul, O Lord, with near Access,
And let me drink of that eternal Spring.—
Was it prepar'd for Sinners quite undone ?
Behold, the CHIEF OF SINNERS is my Name !
An humbling Sense of my Unworthiness
Is all the Fitness that my Soul can bring.—
JESUS, to Thee I send my earnest Cries ;
I plead Thy free, Thy rich, unbounded Grace.
Didst Thou not leave those shining Realms above,
And stretch Thine Arms upon th' accursed Tree,
To ope this Fountain for my dying Soul ?
O help me to adore Thy sacred Name !
Teach me the Value of thy precious Blood !—
How rich, how pow'rful must its Virtue be,
To satisfy the Justice of a GOD,—
To quench the Curses of His fiery Law,—
And work the Sinner's Robe of Righteousness !
'Twas pure, 'twas holy, consecrated Blood !
Nor could the smallest Taint of Sin be found
In that all-meritorious, wondrous Flood.
No :—'Twas the Blood of HIM who spread the Skies,
Of Him, whose Word this wide Creation form'd,
Of Him, before whose Presence *Gabriel* veils,

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Of Him, whom all the heavenly Hosts adore—
 Of whom I meditate, in Wonder lost,
 Then blush, then weep, and try, tho' all in vain,
 T' express the Pleasure and the Pain I feel.

My Soul with holy Gratitude is fill'd,
 While Sympathy and Grief my Breast inspire.
 O what indignant Hatred does arise
 Against the cursed Murd'ers of my Lord !
 'Twere you, my Sins, that nail'd him to the Tree ;
 'Twas you, my *Pride* ; 'twas you, my *Discontent* ;
 'Twas you, my *Unbelief* ; my vain Desires,
 'Twas you, and on you I will seek Revenge ;
 Favour with me you seek in vain to find,
 You stand condemn'd, and must be crucified.
 That Blood which you so unrelenting shed,
 Shall spoil your Pow'r and drive you from my Heart.
 That *JESUS*, whom your Malice crucified,
 Shall quite extinguish your malignant Breath :
 Yes, I shall live to see the joyful Day,
 And Victory, Victory sing, for evermore !

All Glory to my high-exalted HEAD,
 Who with majestic Sway triumphant reigns,
 Who, as a new-slain Lamb, before the Throne
 Stands interceding for a guilty Worm !
 While in the Fountain of His Blood I bathe,
 My Hope revives, my Faith grows strong and bold ;
 I feel new Life, I sing while Devils roar,
 And drink in Consolations all divine.
 How few my Pains ! how light are all my Woes !
 Let me no more indulge a murm'ring Thought.
 Stay, *JESUS*, with my Soul for ever stay,
 Nor let my wayward Will once force thee to depart.

CII.

*I have learned in whatsoever State I am, therewith to
be content. Phil. iv. 11.*

WHAT manly Courage, what undaunted Zeal
Inspir'd the great, the chief Apostle's Breast !
He could for Jesus' Sake, sustain the Cross
Of Persecution, Poverty, and Pain ;
The Lesson of Contentment he had found,
And as an humble Scholar, learnt it well.

O happy Man ! in every State content ;
In all Things, well instructed from above !
'Twas Grace, amazing Grace, taught him to know
Both how to be abas'd and to abound.
When pinch'd with Hunger and expos'd to Shame,
Grace to his Mind calm Resignation brought ;
He trusted in a God Omnipotent,
And each Infirmary became his Song.
'Twas Grace that kept his Soul from ev'ry Snare ;
From Pride in Fullness, and from Fear in Want.
He priz'd the Favour of his Cov'nant-God,
Above his Food,—above the Smiles of Men,—
Above the Honors of a dying World,—
Above the Countenance of lofty Kings,—
Above the choicest Gold,—or richest Gems,—
Above the Joys of Sense,—above his Life.—
Sweet Peace with God his zealous Mind enjoy'd ;
Nor could the Pow'rs of Hell, with all their Rage,
Deprive his Soul of Comfort so divine.

Here's an Example worthy of Desire ;
O could I but transcribe and make it mine !

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But here, I stand reprov'd—I blush with Shame,
 And mourn my vile and discontented Heart.
 Forgive me, O Thou sin-forgiving God !
 That I so much dishonour Thy great Name ;
 Mingle my Woes with all-sufficient Grace,
 And teach me Resignation to Thy Will.

O Thou, in whom my Strength and Courage lies,
 Open Thine Hand and give me what I ask—
 More ardent Love, to Thee, my Heav'n, my All—
 To Thee, in whom my Happiness is plac'd ;
 To Thee, thou Life of all my Hopes and Joys—
 Thou Spring of these affectionate Desires !
 I'd love Thee more, amidst my sharpest Pains,
 I'd glorify Thy Name in all my Wants,
 And praise Thee with my last expiring Breath :
 Could I but rule this foolish Heart of mine,
 I'd break at once the Chain of ev'ry Sin,
 I'd tear away this Veil of Unbelief,
 And wear Dejection on my Brow no more.

Haste, haste that happy, that delightful Day,
 When this vile Body shall return to Dust :
 When I in Heav'n shall see my SAVIOUR'S Face,
 And find me perfect in Contentment there.

XIII.

And the Apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our Faith,
 Luke xvii. 5.

THUS the Apostles pray'd : and, O my Soul,
 Do thou repeat the short Petition o'er !
 Cry, Lord increase my Faith, and ev'ry Grace,
 That I may better please the God I love.

JESUS, Thou Son of God, Deny me not :
I ask a rich Increase of Things divine.

O let me have a double Portion here,
However small my Share in meaner Things !

The sure Foundation, Thou, whereon I build
My solid Hopes of everlasting Life ;
Thou art the Fountain of all real Good,
And Grace and Glory fill Thy lib'ral Hands.

O make my Faith more strong, more vig'rous still ;
That I may vanquish *Satan's* hellish Crew ;
That I may conquer all my inbred Lusts,
This World, and all that war against my Soul !

Increase my Faith, that I may own Thee just,
And glorify Thy Name in all my Woes.
Faith can enliven ev'ry other Grace,
Can make me joyful in my sharpest Pains :
Lord, when I read the Wonders Faith has done,
I'm all Impatience for its large Increase.

With growing Fervour I repeat the Cry,
Why should I languish—Lord, increase my Faith !
I long t'advance in Holiness and Love :
O for that Faith which purifies the Heart,
That Faith which sweetly humbles all the Mind,
And fills the Soul with reverential Fear !

Hear me, O Lord, nor let me pray in vain ;
Increase my Faith, that I may render Praise,
And live a Life more holy, more divine !

XIV.

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. Ps. xxiii. 1.

O Blessed Words, and welcome to my Soul !
Jesus is mine ! My Cup of Joy is full :
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Yes; the great Lord of Heaven and Earth is MINE—
My Lord, my Guide, my Shepherd, and my Friend,
My Righteousness, my Wisdom, and my Strength !

In HIM I have enough :—He is my ALL ;—

Rich are the Pastures of his bleeding Love ;

All Fulness dwells in Him ; I shall not want.—

O lead me, JESUS, to the sacred Field,
Where Thou by Night and Day dost watch Thy Flock,
And let my wond'ring Eyes intensely gaze
On all the Glories of Thy Person there ;
O let my Views of Thee grow brighter still,
Till I, in Heaven, shall see Thee as Thou art,
In all the unveil'd Splendor of a GOD !

My Thoughts would dwell forever on Thy Love :—

How pleasing, how reviving is the Theme !

O let my Heart no more attempt to stray !

No more let unbelieving Fears prevail ;

I charge my Sins and Sorrows all, no more

To interrupt the Pleasures of my Soul.

Keep me, my Shepherd, ever near Thy Side.

Engrave me on the Palm of Thy right Hand,

And set me as a Seal upon Thy Heart ;

Bind with Love's strongest Bands my Heart to Thine,

Nor let me dare to wander from Thy Fold.

Grateful, I trust Thee, Lord ! and can believe

Whilst I rely on thy Almighty Aid,

My Shepherd will not suffer me to Err ;—

My SHEPHERD knows, and will supply my Wants.

XV.

*In the Multitude of my Thoughts within me, thy Comforts
delight my Soul. Psalm xciv. 19.*

HOW active, O how num'rous are my Thoughts !
How hastily they fly from Theme to Theme !

Sometimes to Heaven they take their aery Flight,
 Then down to Hell as swiftly they descend,
 Then round this habitable Globe they rove,
 Thro' Seas, and fertile Fields, and Desarts rude.
 Sometimes I roll in Affluence and Pride,
 Then to the Depths of Poverty go down,
 Where I must beg my Bread, or starve and die.
 Sometimes I reach a Monarch's stately Throne,
 Then to the meanest Cottage I retire,
 Thro' various Scenes am hurried to and fro,
 From Health to Sicknes, and from Life to Death;
 Yet, in the midst of these unnumber'd Thoughts,
 Thy Comforts, O my God, delight my Soul!

Thee, Thou eternal Spirit, I adore,
 Who taught me to aspire to Things divine.
 Thro' whose Free-agency I can arise
 And bid adieu to all created Things.
 Yea I can tread the World beneath my Feet,
 And looking down pronounce it Vanity,
 When wing'd with Love to Jesus I can fly
 And towering far above the azure Skies,
 Can unmolested triumph in his Smile.
 There I survey the Wonders of His Cross,
 And count the Blessings purchas'd by His Blood.
 With His unerring Word I there converse,
 And rest secure upon His Faithfulness.—
 His Wisdom, Justice, Holiness, and Love,
 Uniting in Redemption's Work I view,
 Till Meditation kindles into Praise:
 Whilst in the multitude of pleasing Thoughts,
 Thy Comforts, O my God, delight my Soul!

XVI.

Come, LORD JESUS ! Rev. xxii. 20.

COME, JESUS, thou Desire of Nations, come !
Come to my Soul, and tell me Thou art mine !
Come quickly, Lord ! for Thee my Spirits faint,
For Thee I mourn, for Thee I'm all distress'd ;
O come, and tell me that I have a Share
In all the Blessings purchas'd by Thy Blood !

Come, for I want to tell Thee all my Woes,
And rest me in the Arms of Thine Embrace.—
Come, now, and conquer all my Unbelief ;
Come, and subdue these gloomy Doubts and Fears ;
Come, and enrich my Soul with ev'ry Grace,
And teach me all the Wonders of Thy Love :
O come, and manifest Thyself to me,
And let Thine Absence grieve my Soul no more !

Come quickly, Lord, and melt my Heart for Sin ;
O give me true Repentance ;—'Tis thy Gift :
And with Repentance bring my Pardon seal'd.
Thou God incarnate, come ! I long to gaze
Upon Thy wounded Hands, Thy pierced Side,
And weep o'er those Memorials of my Sin.

Come, and enlarge my Soul before Thy Throne.
I want more Freedom there ; more near Access
To Thee, on whom alone my Bliss depends :

Come, Lord, and take my Soul with all its Pow'rs ;
Allure my Heart, and let it all be Thine,
So shall my Thoughts be ever fix'd on Thee.

Come, Lord, and give me Conquest o'er the World ;
Above its Joys and Sorrows let me rise :

I would

I would no more lie grov'ling in the Dust,
 But live a Life, like Angels, quite divine.
 But, O it cannot be, while Sin remains,
 And mixes in each Duty I perform—
 It cannot be in this imperfect State.

O DEATH! how much art thou to be desir'd,
 Since thou, and thou alone, canst set me free
 From all the filthy, latent Springs of Sin
 Which work incessant in the carnal Mind,
 In That which is un sanctified as yet
 Till thou thy friendly Office shalt perform.

Come, JESUS, and assist me to aspiie
 To such degrees of Grace and Holiness
 As shall prepare me for that great Event!
 O come, and cleanse my Soul from ev'ry Sin,
 And ever keep me from its dreadful Pow'r.—
 I would be holy, as 'tis Thy Command,
 Yea, Lord, I would be holy as Thou art:
 Do I not love Thee for Thy Holiness—
 Because Thou art a Just, a Faithful God?
 More of thy Purity I fain would know,
 More of Thine Image I would fain receive;
 Come, and sustain my Soul in all my Woes:
 Make me in all Things to Thy Will resign'd,
 That I may ever tread Impatience down,
 And grieve the Spirit of Thy Grace no more.

Jesus, with all the Ardor of my Soul,
 I now invite and call Thee to my Breast:
 O hear my earnest Cry, and haste away!
 Skip o'er the Hills of my Unworthiness,
 Leap o'er the horrid Mountains of my Sins,
 Like Light'ning let Thy Presence these destroy;
 O come, and with Thy Glory fill my Soul!

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